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THE BOURBON WHO NEVER REIGNED.

DIED, at Hogansburgh, St. Lawrence county, New-York, upon the morning of the twenty-eighth of August, 1858, Rev. Eleazar Williams, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. He had been for some time afflicted with dropsy, which, superadded to the debility of age, accelerated this event. His end was peaceful. Though in humble circumstances, and deprived of most of the comforts of life, he was composed and cheerful, maintaining his serenity till the last. He passed away without a struggle. The last words that he was heard to utter were: 'Into THY hands I commend my spirit.'

The next day the Masonic fraternity to which he belonged performed over his body the last rites of the Order; after which, with the funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church, the remains were consigned to the earth. His family, a few friends and members of his congregation, were all that were present. No *cortège* of illustrious mourners, no long array of courtiers, graced the occasion. Obscurely the humble Indian missionary passed from the earth, and his corpse sleeps with the untitled.

His career was rendered remarkable by the controversy, some years since, as to his identity with the unfortunate monarch of France, Louis XVII. The fate of that prince had never been so fully determined as to silence doubt. The annals of old monarchies present such enigmas. Arthur of Bretagne, Richard II. of England, Edward V. and Richard Duke of York, sons of Edward IV., disappeared, their fate involved in inextricable obscurity. '*Subito evanuit*' was predicated of each of them.

Mysterious individuals have been discovered in European dungeons, the circumstances of whose condition never transpired. Historians have not always proved competent or faithful to their duty. Even the particulars of the French Revolution of the last century have been but imperfectly given to the world. Many and weighty state secrets are connected with its details, of which little is known. It is by no means wonderful, therefore, that mystery

should involve the fate of the Bourbon Prince, interested as many parties have been in concealing it. We are informed that he was separated from his mother, the hapless Marie Antoinette of Austria, in July, 1793, and placed under the guardianship of Simon, the friend and neighbor of Marat. On the nineteenth of January, 1794, he was incarcerated in a dungeon, where he remained till the twenty-seventh of July, without breathing pure air or seeing a human countenance. In utter loneliness, darkness, and filth, infested by vermin, and sharing his food with rats, languished for more than six months, the young King of France.

After the execution of Robespierre in July, a new keeper was placed in the Temple. He found the youthful prisoner worn to a skeleton, diseased, and about to die. Confinement had made him an idiot. After some months, Laurent, the humane keeper of the Temple, asked the Committee of Public Safety to give him a colleague; and Gomin received the appointment upon the eighth of November. The Count de Provence, afterward Louis XVIII., was contemplating his own elevation to the throne of France, upon the ruins of the Revolution, and to the disregard of the legal rights of the heirs of Louis XVI. He assumed the title of Regent, and was keeping a court at Verona. Intrigues were set on foot to effect the removal of his royal nephew. To this influence in the National Assembly we are to attribute the designation of Gomin, his partisan, as a keeper of the Temple.

At the commencement of the next year negotiations were held at Nantes between the commissioners of the Government and Cherette, the leader of the army of La Vendée. A secret article of this treaty stipulated that the Government should deliver the young Prince and his sister, afterward married to the Duke of Angoulême, son of the Count d'Artois, into the hands of the Vendéen leader. The fourteenth of June, 1795, was fixed as the time of this surrender.

On the twenty-sixth of February the two keepers reported to the National Assembly that the life of the young King was in danger; 'that he had tumors on all the joints, and particularly at the knees; that it was impossible to obtain from him a single word; and that he refused all kinds of exercise.' A committee was appointed to visit him, and found him at a table amusing himself with a pack of cards. They examined the tumors, and found that they were by no means painful, but could be handled without inconvenience. He evinced few symptoms of rationality, and they reported his intellect as utterly prostrated.

The prospects of the royal family were sensibly brightening, and the restoration of Louis XVII. to the ancestral throne had become a theme of common remark. The time was approaching when the young King must be surrendered to the loyalists of Bretagne and La Vendée. The Count of Provence found that he must act promptly, or his ambitious aspirations would fall to the ground.

On the twenty-ninth of March, Etienne Lasne succeeded Laurent as keeper of the Temple. He was a professed republican, but

seems to have afterward become a staunch loyalist. The rigid discipline which had been maintained was now relaxed; jovialty and merriment reigned through the old walls; vigilance was at an end.

At length, in the month of May, the following entry was made on the register: '*The little Capet is dangerously sick, and there is fear of his death.*' Immediately M. Desault, then the first surgeon in France, was intrusted with his case. He examined his patient long and carefully; questioned him, without obtaining an answer; and finally pronounced it a case of decline, occasioned by confinement. He prescribed a decoction of hops, and ordered the joints rubbed frequently with ammoniacal liniment. He counselled his removal into the country, expressing his confidence that pure air, careful treatment, and constant attention would effect a cure. This the Government would not permit.

The surgeon continued his visits till the thirtieth of May. That day, as he was going down the stairs, Bricoullard, the commissary, inquired whether the child would die. He replied: '*I fear, but perhaps there are persons in the world who hope that he will.*' The next morning, to the great surprise of the keepers, he did not come. Bellanger, the commissary for that day, did not wait for the surgeon, as the rules required, but entered the King's apartment, showed him pictures, and took his portrait.

M. Desault died on the first of June. His pupil, M. Abeillé, afterward declared that he was poisoned. During the next five days no statement was made of the health of the young King. On the fifth M. Pelletan was appointed his physician. The instant he was introduced into the apartment, he demanded and obtained a colleague, M. Dumangin.

We observe that these physicians describe their patient in terms essentially at variance with the statements of M. Desault. He was attentive to every thing around him, and began to talk with them at once, becoming at times very loquacious.

One night a sentinel was stationed at the apartment, and thus obtained a sight of this child. He found him of a figure greatly unlike Louis XVII., disfigured with sores and blotches, and different in other respects. This guard afterward declared: '*I am fully convinced that it was not the Prince. He had often seen the Dauphin when his parents were living.*' When he was relieved, the jailer spoke to him concerning the speedy death of '*citoyen Capet.*' He replied that the lad was too tall for the Dauphin; it was impossible for such a change in stature in so short a period. The jailer did not rebut this declaration, but advised the sentinel to keep a still tongue in his mouth, lest he should grow shorter by a head.

On the eighth of June, 1795, the child in the Temple died. The event was immediately reported by Lasne to the Committee of Public Safety, who were *particularly busy*, and deferred the '*procès-verbal*' till the next day, when it was hurried through so rapidly that no date was placed on the instrument. The body was

then buried. In 1816 Louis XVIII. issued an order for its disinterment, but revoked it before this could be done, without any reason. When the post-mortem examination of the body took place, the Government directed that the surgeons should not scrutinize the countenance. M. Auvrai, who resided many years in the city of New-York, declared to Mr. H. B. Müller, the artist, that he had frequently seen the Prince at the Tuileries and at the Temple; that he was present when the body of this child was exhibited to the officers of the National Guard; and that he knew positively that it was not the body of Louis XVII. The Bishop of Viviers held a conversation with the surgeons who made the autopsy, and not one of them was able to state that the corpse was that of the young Prince.

The following paragraph appeared in the New-Jersey *State Gazette*, February eleventh, 1800:

‘It is stated in political circles as a fact, that about two years ago, a Frenchman who had left his country on account of his principles, and resided in Philadelphia, affirmed that he was with the committee of surgeons who examined the child said to be the Dauphin, and to have died of scrofula in the Temple; but having known the Prince while alive, in examining the face of the corpse, (contrary to positive instructions,) he perceived no resemblance, and was convinced that some artifice had been used to preserve the life of the young Prince. This circumstance is related by a gentleman of credit, who received it two years ago from the surgeon who was present at the dissection; and is therefore highly confirmatory of the recent rumor that Louis XVII. was really saved from the prisons of the National Convention by an artifice of Sieyes.’

This surgeon, probably, was M. Abeillé, the pupil of Desault, and not one of those making the investigation. He resided at Philadelphia in 1800, and on the occasion of the autopsy had reasons of his own for inspecting the face of the corpse.

In the *Farmers’ Museum*, Walpole, New-Hampshire, July twenty-eighth, 1800, the following article appeared:

‘A most extraordinary rumor, which has been stated in a morning print, has occupied the public conversation. We give the article, without pretending to any knowledge, or offering any opinion on the subject.

‘Private letters, which have been received by various persons of the first consideration amongst the French emigrant nobility, and others, agree in the general statement of an unaccountable rumor, which has its origin in the Triumvirate at the Luxembourg, that the unfortunate Louis XVII., supposed to have expired in the Temple upon the ninth of June, 1795, is still alive. The Triumvir Sieyes is said to have subtracted the devoted Prince from the prison of the National Convention. He procured a child of corresponding age from the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, incurably affected with the scrofula, the pretended disease of the young King, and admitted this unfortunate child into the Temple, and exposed

the body, disfigured with ulcers and operations, instead of the royal victim. According to this relation, Louis XVII. exists. This unhappy child, the prisoner of his assassins in the Temple, the bulletin or daily account of whose declining health was regularly published to the world, perished in June, 1795, in his dungeon, of a scrofulous disease, according to the statement of facts submitted to the then usurpers of France, and published by their authority. It is to be remembered that all Europe, with one common cry, burst forth in the denial that this interesting child had a scrofulous disease. Neither the House of Bourbon nor that of Austria was afflicted with that malady; the babe could not have contracted it. When this bulletin arrived in England with the concomitant report that the young sufferer had been poisoned by the Committee of Safety, some very extraordinary circumstances occurred or transpired.

“All the world believed the young King to have been murdered. The British Cabinet, with no other opinion, ordered the bulletin to be examined by a physician of the very first reputation. This gentleman reported to the King’s Council that the young King could not have died of the cause assigned in the bulletin. The consequence would not have followed from the premises, even if they had been true. A few days previous to the death, or at least the exposition of the body in the Temple, the famous surgeon Desault expired suddenly. Whoever looks back to the public discussions of that period in France, will observe the stress laid upon this coincidence.

“Desault was an honest man, incapable of any dishonest or criminal action. It was rumored, on no mean authority, that he denied his patient to be the royal infant. The Marquis de Bouillé wrote publicly to his son, that there was reason to believe the young King was alive. Simon, the shoemaker, had expired upon the scaffold. The Princess Royal, his sister, whom he had not been permitted to see since the murder of their parents, or during the course of his own illness, was suddenly released and sent to Vienna, to the astonishment of all Europe, in exchange for three Deputies. Every one was removed who could then detect the imposture of his death, or know of his existence.”

On the eighth of June, 1795, the same day that the suppositious Dauphin died, the Committee of Public Safety sent an order, which is still preserved in the archives of the police, to all the departments ‘to arrest on every high road in France any travellers bearing with them a child of eight years old or thereabouts, as there had been an escape of royalists from the Temple.’ This order had been prepared and issued an hour at least before Gomin had announced the death of the child. M. Guérvière of Paris, then a child of ten years old, was travelling in the carriage of the Prince of Condé, and was arrested under the suspicion that he was the fugitive Dauphin.

The European monarchs were incredulous of the young Bourbon’s death. The first article in the secret treaty of Paris in 1814,

declares that 'the allied Sovereigns have no certain evidence of the death of the son of Louis XVI., and only give the title of king to Louis XVIII. ostensibly till they can obtain every possible certainty concerning a fact which must ultimately determine who shall be the sovereign of France.' It is also declared that a courier of this king obtained the fabrication of a 'false certificate of the death of the Dauphin in foreign lands after his escape.' M. Petzold, notary of Crossen, declared that he 'had found fifty documents, fully substantiating the existence of his Majesty, for instance, the manner and by whom he was taken from the Temple.'

Cherette, the leader of the army of La Vendée, had a child in his army in 1795, that was declared to be Louis XVII. Hanson, alluding to this circumstance and to the arrest of the lad, Guervièrre, gives the opinion, that to mislead the police several lads answering to the Prince's age, were sent out in different directions. His decease at the Temple was generally disbelieved.

In 1795 a French family arrived at Albany, direct from France. The following letter, written by Mrs. Blandina Dudley, the munificent patroness of the Dudley Observatory, dated October seventh, 1853, speaks of them :

'Among the reminiscences of early days, I have always recollected with much interest being taken by my mother to visit a family who arrived here in 1795, direct from France, consisting of four individuals. There was a gentleman and lady, called Monsieur and Madame de Jardin. They had with them two children, a girl and a boy; the girl was the eldest—the boy about nine or ten. He apparently did not notice us.

'Madame told my mother that she was maid of honor to the Queen Marie Antoinette, and was separated from her on the terrace at the palace. She appeared very much agitated, and mentioned many things which I was too young to understand, but all in allusion to the difficulties then agitating France and her friends. She played with great skill on the piano-forte, and was much excited singing the Marseillaise Hymn, floods of tears chasing each other down her cheeks. My mother thought the children were those belonging to the crown, but I do not now recollect that she said Madame told her so. After some time, Madame called and said they were obliged to leave us, and had many useful and handsome articles to dispose of, and wished my mother to have the first choice out of them.

'There were several large plates of mirror glass, a time-piece, a pair of gilt andirons representing lions, and a bowl, said to be gold, on which were engraven the arms of France. I have heard it spoken of some time after; and it was said to belong to some gentleman near Albany, and was recognized at a dinner-party, with celery on the table.

'The andirons were purchased by General Peter Gansevoort's lady, and are still belonging to a member of that family.

'We never heard of this family after they left Albany. In looking at the features of Eleazar Williams, I think I can discover con-

siderable likeness to those of young Monsieur Louis in charge of Madame de Jardin.'

A man called De Jourdin was in the vicinity of Whitehall up to the year 1802. Several old cash-books belonging to B. and J. R. Bleecker, of Albany, and extending from 1799 till 1802, contain entries of money advanced for him at that time. Thus, according to the books, they took up for De Jourdin on the eleventh of February a note for one hundred and eighty-seven pounds eight shillings and six-pence; December eighteen, 1802, they took up his note for one hundred and fifty-five pounds and four-pence. April six, 1802, James Bleecker paid Peter De Jourdin, on a mortgage, two hundred and twenty-eight pounds nine shillings and six-pence. There are many other charges on those books, which show that the Bleeckers acted as bankers for him.

During the Revolution John Skenandoah, an Indian youth, who had been educated in France, came to this country on board the same vessel with La Fayette. In 1795, he was at Ticonderoga, when two Frenchmen, one a Catholic priest, came to the place, with whom he conversed. They had with them a French boy, weak and sickly, whose mind was wandering so that he seemed to be silly. He was left there, and was seen at different times by Skenandoah in the family of Thomas Williams, an Indian. He afterward saw the boy from time to time, and declared him on oath to be the Rev. Eleazar Williams.

Doctor Peter Wilson, of the Seneca Nation, went to Franklin county two years ago, to aid in preventing, as far as possible, the troubles usually attending the payment of the annuities to the St. Regis Indians.*

On his return, he stopped at Albany, where he informed a gentleman in one of the Departments, that the old men at the Reservation near Hogsburgh objected to paying Mr. Williams his share, on the ground that he was no Indian—that he was 'a stranger.'

The Doctor passed a few days at Fort Covington, in the same county, where he was informed by an old squaw, that many years before, and while Mr. Williams was a boy, she was at the cabin of his reputed father, who was away from home. He returned from town in the afternoon, with two or three slates and some writing-material. The boy Eleazar took a slate and pencil, and immediately wrote 'LOUIS CHARLES,' to the surprise of those present.

About this same time, while he was idiotic, he took up a pen and scribbled, in a manuscript Indian mass-book, a number of letters and figures. It was given to him in 1836, and contained the numerals, from one to thirty, in French characters; also the letter *C* in the same hand-writing as that of Louis XVII., the word '*duc*,'

* The St. Regis Indians are not a distinct nationality, but the descendants of a colony of Iroquois, principally Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas, who embraced the Roman Catholic religion, and, separating from their brethren a century ago, migrated to the St. Lawrence, and placed themselves under the protection of the French Governor of Canada.

and the letters '*Loui.*' They are in the peculiar hand-writing of a child.

He appears to have been regarded by the Indians as of French birth. His own recollections of his boyhood commenced with scenes around Lake George, though the Williams family only made that a place of sojourn, residing at Caghnewaga, near Montreal. Doctor Wilson's informant stated to him, that one day, while out with his little Indian companions, Eleazar, who had been previously idiotic, jumped or fell from a high rock into the water, and, on recovering from the shock, had the full use of his faculties.

Subsequently, two French gentlemen visited the family. He was soon afterward sent, with a son of Thomas Williams, to the school for Indian youth at Long Meadow, in Massachusetts. It was there remarked that he was a French and not an Indian youth, totally unlike his foster-brother. We have the assurance of the late J. Stanley Smith, of the *Albany Express*, and afterward of the *Auburn American*, that 'certain gentlemen for many years received regularly a sum of money from France, to be applied to the clothing and education of this same Williams;' and instancing John R. Bleecker as the receiver. In 1803, the persons sending the money are said to have died, and the receipts stopped. His education was completed through the aid of contributions by charitable individuals.

In 1806 young Williams visited Bishop Chevreux, at Boston, who made many inquiries of him about a boy that had been brought from France, and left among the Indians. During the last war with Great Britain, he rendered efficient service to the American cause; and some years after peace was concluded, became a missionary to the Oneidas. He afterward went to Green Bay, where his wife owned some property, which was lost by an unfortunate negotiation with Mr. Amos Lawrence, of Boston. For some time he was chaplain to General Taylor.

After having exhumed the remains of the first Napoleon, the Prince de Joinville, second son to Louis Philippe, paid a visit to America in 1841. Instead of making an ordinary tour of observation, to the great surprise of the officers in his company, he 'went out of his way to meet an old man among the Indians, who had very much of a Bourbon aspect, and was spoken of as the son of Louis XVI.' One of them expressed this sentiment to Mr. George Sumner, brother of the Senator. Mr. George Raymond, then an officer in the Brazilian service, was with the party of the Prince when it left New-York, conversed with him, and heard him 'express a most particular anxiety to find out this Mr. Williams, and have an interview with him.' At Albany, De Joinville left his company, and proceeded to Lake George, and on the route stopped at Saratoga, and visited Mr. Charles E. Dudley, of Albany, the son of Mrs. Blandina Dudley, who was then at the Springs, and obtained from him Mr. Williams's address. He then set out for the West. At Cleveland, Mr. James O. Brayman, an editor of the *Buffalo Courier*, came on board the steam-boat, and heard him repeatedly inquiring

about that individual, and stating that he should see him. At Mackinaw Mr. Williams came on board the same vessel in which the Prince took passage. Captain John Shook, of Huron, Ohio, then introduced them. De Joinville started with surprise, turned pale, and his lip quivered, exciting the notice of the spectators. At Green Bay, the two had a private interview, the particulars of which, as stated by each party, are familiar to the public. In this conversation, Mr. Williams declares that the Prince informed him that he was a descendant of the Bourbons, and asked him to sign a document abdicating all claim to the French throne, to which was annexed a stipulation that he should receive a princely establishment from Louis Philippe, and what of the personal property of the family of Louis XVI. could be recovered. These proposals were rejected. It appears, that while at Hogansburgh, Franklin county, transacting business for the St. Regis Indians, (Catholic proselytes of the Iroquois Nation,) Mr. Williams learned that De Joinville was contemplating a visit to Green Bay, and quitted that place for the West on that account. At parting, the Prince invited Mr. Williams to visit the Tuileries, and afterward sent him a gold snuff-box and other valuable presents.

In 1843, at the request of an Iroquois chief, a Roman Catholic, Mr. Williams sent a petition to Louis Philippe through the Prince, in which he uses the phrase, 'the enterprising spirits of our forefathers.' The petition was granted, and a letter in the hand of the King of the French written in reply.

In 1818, on the occasion of a social party at the house of Dr. Hosack, in New-York, at which were present M. Genet, formerly an ambassador from France, Count Jean D'Angle, Counsellor Sampson, Dr. John W. Francis, and others, this subject was introduced. At length M. Genet distinctly said: 'Gentlemen, the Dauphin of France is not dead, but was brought to America.' He also expressed his belief that he was in Western New-York, and that Le Roy de Chaumont was knowing to the fact. The family of Genet declare that he long entertained hopes of discovering the Dauphin, and had himself been on the point, when coming to this country as ambassador, of bringing the royal children with him. At that very time, Count D'Angle was in correspondence with Le Roy de Chaumont. A writer in the *New-York Times*, last spring, stated that M. Genet believed Mr. Williams to be identical with the lost monarch.

Mrs. Margaret Brown, of New-Orleans, wife of Joseph Deboit, of the household of the Count d'Artois, afterward Charles X., testified that in 1806 she was told by the Duchess of Angoulême, that she knew her brother to be alive and safe in America. She was also told by her husband or the Duchess, that he was carried off by a man named Bellanger. In 1817, Mrs. Brown resided at Philadelphia, and in a conversation with Mrs. Chamberlan, wife of the Secretary of the Count de Coigni, who had lived with the Count de Provence at Edinburgh, that woman assured her that

she had heard at the Tuileries, that the Dauphin was alive; that Bellanger had carried him to Philadelphia, and that he bore the name of Williams. A person had come from America to France on this business, and received money, after which he returned. Before Mrs. Brown severed her connection with the royal family, the Duke of Angoulême examined her papers, and removed all that related to the private affairs of the Bourbons. She was employed also to put a young woman into a convent who had been connected with the royal family, but could not be induced to state particulars, saying that it was better for history to be silent.

The attempt was made to obtain affidavits to discredit this whole story. Mrs. Williams, the reputed mother of Eleazar, was induced by the Catholic priest at St. Regis, to sign and depose to a paper in English, stating that he was her son. She, however, made, at her own instance, a counter-affidavit, that he was her adopted son. His name does not appear in the baptismal register at Cagnewaga, where the rest of that family are recorded.

His portrait, taken when a child, greatly resembles the one taken by Bellanger of Louis XVII. His eyes are of the same color, and his other features are clearly similar. M. Fagnani, a French painter, meeting him for the first time, scrutinized him carefully, and then pronounced him a Bourbon. The upper part of the face, he said, was decidedly of a Bourbon cast, while the mouth and lower part resemble the House of Hapsburgh. His very gestures resemble those of the Bourbon race.

A European gentleman happening to see him in the pulpit, declared him a Bourbon, adding that he had heard in Legitimist circles that Louis XVII. was alive, and his belief that Mr. Williams was the man. Indeed, he has often been recognized by his Bourbon physiognomy.

It would be saying too much, to pronounce Mr. Williams absolutely the missing Bourbon, but the theory is certainly plausible. The testimony, when sifted carefully, shows that Louis XVII. was actually removed from France by Bellanger and a lady of the Court. Soon afterward, a similar lady of the family of Marie Antoinette appeared at Albany with an idiotic French boy, named Louis, who was removed to the neighborhood of Lake Champlain, and supported for many years by money sent from France. The family of Charles X. acknowledged that the young Bourbon was in America. In 1838, the Prince de Joinville came to this country, and made a secret expedition into the interior. An inquiry was started in France, after his return thither, about two servants of Marie Antoinette, who emigrated to America during the French Revolution. At his next visit, he inquired much about Mr. Williams, and, at their interviews, always treated him with deference. Frenchmen, before that time, had repeatedly come to see him, evincing singular emotion when in his presence.

A blow inflicted by Simon on the young King, was indicated by a scar on Mr. Williams's fine head. The crescent-formed marks

of inoculation existed alike on his arm and that of the Prince. He even recognized a picture of Simon, as a face that had haunted him all his life.

Taking for granted that Louis XVII. and Eleazar Williams are the same individual, we have an impressive token of the fate that awaits kings. Their crowns must fall at the feet of the democracy; they must descend to the condition of plebeians, accept their lot, share their fortune, and pursue similar avocations. Such was Mr. Williams's career. The throne of the Bourbons has passed, not merely from the son of Louis XVI., but from actual existence on earth, leaving his story valuable only as a matter of historical verity; but honors less transitory, we trust, are reserved for the devoted missionary—a throne of celestial glory in the eternal spheres.

O U R L O S S .

I.

THE grass is waving once again,
The flowers have sprung from out their graves,
Again the brook in rolling curves
Enwraps the bank its water laves.

II.

The willow branches hold their leaves,
As tears are held by those who weep,
And birds are singing, as they sang
Before our darling fell asleep.

III.

Three summers she had blessed our life
With joy unfelt—unknown before:
Our happiness was so complete,
We neither asked nor wanted more.

IV.

O rarest blossom that the spring
Could give to loving hearts like ours!
O folded bud that Autumn winds
Took from us when they took the flowers!

V.

Is life all lived, and this the end?
Our knowledge—is a wasting sigh;
Our hope—is but a longing wish;
Our faith—a passionate, broken cry.

T H E O P H I L U S S U M P U N K .

— 'A STOUT cavalier
Of twenty-five or thirty.' — BYRON.

THEOPHILUS SUMPUNK stood upon the steps of the Station-House of the Great Central Rural Rail-road. In one hand was his valise; in the other his umbrella. His fashionably-cut coat, *a la Espagnola* — last remnant of by-gone and oft-sighed-over respectability — was carefully and studiously fastened around his Belviderean shoulders. In front, and lending a peculiar charm to his well-developed chest, hung two massive tassels. Their native hue of silky blackness had long since succumbed to the ruthless ravages of time and weather, and all that now remained of black was brown.

Upon the hyperion-like locks of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk was jauntily stuck a little black glazed cap; the which, combined with his superlatively got-up whiskers and mustache, not to speak of the cloak aforesaid, gave to his entire *personelle* a decidedly imposing and military appearance. This was gratifying to the feelings of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk, and realized the most cherished idea of his life. It was his be-all and his end-all, to look military; to be thought military; to be taken for military.

Despite the conscious possession of charms so coveted, a cloud of care and uneasiness was upon the brow of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk, as he stood there, gazing through the murky night into the little town of Creekville, which lay, as it were, gathered before him at his feet. Theophilus was brooding. He was a stranger in a strange land. Friends he had none. With the last expiring dollar, they had taken to themselves the wings of the morning; deserted him. What a tale could Mr. Sumpunk tell of the ingratitude — unfeeling ingratitude of his fellow-men! No matter; with *them* he had done. He had turned his back, he fondly hoped forever, upon the modern Babylon, its sights and sounds, to seek retirement, and with it, contentment, in some rural spot; and hence, fifteen minutes ago saw him deposited, his goods and effects hereinbefore specified, upon the scene of his future operations; though what the exact nature of these operations should be, was to himself a matter of mysterious uncertainty.

As he stood there, upon the steps, he thought of all these things. Past, present, and future, were alike food for melancholy. Friendless and alone! And as he ruminated, he sighed; and as he sighed, he mentally sat down in the dust, and covered himself with imaginary sackcloth and ashes. And as he did so, alternating the interesting code of penance, by prying hesitatingly forward to where lay the town of his adoption, time passed on — unheedingly,

remorselessly — as if it made no difference whatever to it; and perhaps it did not.

The train, which had borne such precious freight thus far, had again renewed its onward course, just as if nothing unusual had occurred. A puff! a whiff! a scream! and it had gone bellowing forth into the darkness, lost to sight and hearing.

The few fellow-passengers that had alighted with him, had busied themselves with themselves, and gone their respective ways. Porters with plethoric trunks upon their shoulders, and twenty-five-cent pieces in prospective, had erst disappeared. Simultaneously, one omnibus and two cabs, with the average proportion of concomitants, human and equine, that go to make up the sum total usually found in such places.

Still stood Theophilus upon the station steps. The night was wintry. The biting north-easterly blast, as it blew in sharp, fitful gusts around the corner of the building, on the steps of which he stood, played sportively with the surplus broadcloth of his ample cloak; anon, with the flowing tresses, which the little military-looking cap but *very* partially concealed, and settled ultimately, with characteristic spitefulness, in his very teeth.

The situation of our hero, (as we think we are now justified in calling him) although bordering on the romantic, was not by any means bordering on the comfortable. The chattering of his teeth, caused by the phenomenon already alluded to, aroused him from the sad reverie into which he had been plunged. He raised his eyes, and saw a light, a scintillating light, a light swinging hither and thither in the breeze, and apparently not far from the place where he stood. As he looked, it gradually assumed a palpable form and meaning to the obfuscated pannikel of Theophilus. Cavalierly raising the extreme corner of his cloak to his eyes, he dashed therefrom the gathering drops, and read:

<p>SPREAD-EAGLE HOTEL: ACCOMMODATION FOR MAN AND BEAST.</p>

Visions of warmth and comfort within that happy 'Hostelrie,' with smiling faces sitting down to Brobdignagian dishes of smoking-hot viands, flit fantastically before his distempered imagination. Reeking decoctions of ambrosial punches, filling the atmosphere with delicious incense, gleam athwart his mental optics, and in the excitement of the temporary illusion, he smilingly raises his ruby proboscis to snuff the savory aroma.

But the illusion was momentary. Then came the momentous question, commencing, 'To be or not to be?' The necessity, urgent, imperious, of being a participator in such inviting fare, if such there were, if not, any other, was eloquently urged by an inconveniently empty stomach, in a series of motions, the which were

seconded as eloquently and as urgently by a frame shivering and shaking with the pitiless cold.

The question of ways and means next presented itself, and from thence arose a severe and embarrassing conflict. The shivering limbs and chattering teeth imploringly said, 'Go!' the empty stomach and parched throat clamorously said, 'Go!' and Theophilus was about impulsively to obey the pleasing behest, when hollow, sepulchral voices arrested his foot-steps. Issuing from each individual pocket — coat, vest, and pants — they mockingly, tauntingly said: 'Stay where you are, Theophilus.'

And there, and then upon the station-steps, did Theophilus fall into a quandary. An embodiment of Lawrence's picture of 'Gar-ric between the Muses:' pulled at by one, and tugged at by the other. Despairingly he shook them off, drew firmly around him his expansive cloak, placed his classic chin gracefully upon the thumb and fore-finger of his right hand, while with the other he held the valise and umbrella; and thus he fell cogitating. And as he cogitated, his thoughts strayed back to the days of his youth, his happy youth, and of his home in Bath; and while there, they naturally reverted to the shop, behind the counter of which his unsophisticated minority was wont to be passed, dispensing cheese, and butter, and bacon in infinitesimal pennyworths, and also to the snuggerly behind the shop, and the well-lined tea-table in the snuggerly, on which he could plainly see — the great vista of waters rolling between, to the contrary notwithstanding — the tea-urn hissing and gurgling, and the well-buttered muffins smoking and looking unctuous, and the tempting shrimps, and the tantalizing water-cresses, and the whole singing in chorus: 'Come over, and eat us; come over, and eat us.' And as the vision passed away, he sighed, and said: 'Ah! me! and this was before I came to *this blasted wooden country!*'

The handle of the valise is clutched with convulsive firmness, also the ditto of the umbrella. The martial cloak is drawn more firmly around him; the little military-looking glazed cap is pressed firmly down to his eyes; his breast is figuratively steelled to consequences, individually and collectively; and Theophilus prepares to throw himself under the pinions of the 'Eagle' aforesaid.

II.

MORNING, bleak and cold, dawns upon the two thousand five hundred inhabitants of the thriving, go-ahead little town of Creek-ville. Gusty, raw, and uninviting, it sends a shiver to the bone of ilk luckless one whose vocation demands him to face it. Doors and windows, yes, even key-holes, are hermetically sealed against it; for crevice cannot be too diminutive, nor chink too small to intercept the progress of the ubiquitous one.

The eagle, with extended wings, which hovers perpetually above the door-way of the inn that gives shelter and food, and, hem! etceteras to the hero of our former chapter, looks forlorn and

suffering, weather-beaten and hoary. With lack-lustre eye-balls, and a glistening icicle pendent from beak and tail and talon, it looks a veritable eagle doing penance. Forward, through the almost impenetrable vapors does it strain its weary eyes, as if appealing to the elements themselves for pity and succor. But in vain, O rampant emblem of the free! Hadst been but flesh and blood, as nature did intend thee, before the craft of man made thee the miserable 'counterfeit presentment' that thou art, the deep cavity in the towering cliff would have been thy hiding-place from the merciless elements. As it is, thou art bought and paid for, fulfilling thine honest-calling, thy destiny; and in thy case, there is no postponement on account of weather.

Within, there is warmth and comfort, genial and grateful. The few boarders, whom we see seated cosily around the crackling stove, appreciate their present comfortable position too thoroughly, to be inveigled from it by any mundane considerations. They are conversing in suppressed whispers, in twos and threes. An air of mystery and curiosity pervades each inquiring face, and every theory propounded as a solution of the matter on the tapis, by the accredited oracle of the room, is met and acknowledged by shrewd ejaculations, and ominous shakes and nods of their respectively wise heads. Need we mention that the subject is our friend Theophilus? As to who he is; what he is; where he comes from; and what he is doing here, there is no end of wonderment and speculation. Meanwhile, the interesting object on whose behalf so much inquiry is being hazarded, is seated snugly in the best parlor up-stairs, and apparently enjoying himself with all that dignified ease and grace so peculiar to himself. The valise has already disgorged its treasures. Our hero is encased in a dressing-gown of richest hue and pattern — of course, Indian — while smoking-cap and slippers, of corresponding texture and pattern, lend their aid to complete the imposing *tout ensemble*.

In the same room, and seated opposite to Theophilus, engaged in earnest conversation with him, is another personage, whose portrait is worth sketching. In stature he is short and porsy, with a quick, twitching elasticity of movement. You can see it plainly in the way he smokes his segar. Spit, spit, quick or slow, according to the degree of excitement. In that respect, we need no better barometer, to enable us to judge of the state of his mental weather. It is unfailing. In complexion he is ruddy, with light sandy curly hair. Every smile and dimple on that mirth-provoking face, proclaims its owner to be a jolly good fellow; and if Phil Chuckle is not a jolly good fellow, then there is not a jolly good fellow in the jolly good town of Creekville, nor any where else. Phil Chuckle is of the Typo fraternity, editor and sole proprietor of the Creekville *Blue Blast*, a paper, as its heading imports, devoted disinterestedly to the interests — Political, Agricultural, and Social — of the good people of Creekville. Mr. Chuckle has, in his day and generation, filled many other capacities; and may be said to have here garnered home the many resources and appli-

ances of his cosmopolitan experiences for the benefit of his fellow-townsmen. This fact, each issue of the *Blue Blast* amply verifies.

The coming together of two such kindred, congenial spirits as Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk and Mr. Phil Chuckle, was but a very natural and not-to-be-wondered-at result. How could it be otherwise? The laws of attraction and cohesion order it so; and for two such to be in the same town, and under the expansive pinions of the same 'Spread Eagle,' without coming together, would have been a complete and total subversion of every law approved of and indorsed by that modern science. What was deficient in sympathy of feeling and spontaneity of sentiment at first, was soon made up by liberal *douceurs* of 'hot-stuff' on the part of Phil Chuckle, which generous treatment was rewarded as he designed it should be, by the implicit unbosoming of the joys and sorrows of Mr. Theophilus Sumpunk, whereto were added experiences of life which he had seen, and travels which *he had not*. Mr. Chuckle was made his confident, his unreserved reservoir; in return for which, offers generous and liberal — of assistance, interest, influence, and much more — were made on the part of Mr. Chuckle, and received by Mr. Sumpunk with grateful avidity. Thus they shook hands and retired, each to his respective sleeping-apartment, with mutual feelings of liveliest friendship and esteem.

While Phil Chuckle was putting off his pantaloons that night, preparatory to jumping into bed, something struck him on the head, which made him incontinently slap his exposed knee, and cry, 'Eureka!' It was an idea, a bright idea, which had steamed its way through the vapors of the 'hot-stuff' he had been drinking, till it had reached the upper regions of the head, where it had struck him, as averred. Having again slapped his knee, and tapered off with a series of gratulatory antics, Phil went to bed, to sleep on't, to dream on't. The consultation between the two worthies (at present) pertains to that idea. Let us turn our invisible-caps and listen.

'My dear Sumpunk,' reasons Mr. Phil Chuckle, 'you need have no delicacy in the matter; none whatever, I assure you. Were I in your place, gifted with the same deep melodious voice and handsome military appearance —'

'Oh! really, Chuckle —'

'Pardon me, I do not mean to flatter you: not a bit, Sir. Were I in your place, I would not hesitate an instant in embarking in such an enterprise: why should you? answer me that. Look at it in its right light. You want something to do. Is not this better than a trumpery clerk's situation, even supposing you could get one (which is doubtful.) As to its requiring cheek, and all that kind of thing — mere bosh. A popular delusion. Nothing, when you are used to it; no more than getting over your first segar.'

As he says so, Mr. Chuckle knocks the ashes off his own, and proceeds complacently to blow such a cloud, as cannot fail to con-

vince the most skeptical of the exceeding ease, and, in fact, pleasure, of public speaking. This done, he proceeds:

'Beside, look at the advantages you possess. You say you have held a commission in the East-India Company's service, which only failing health compelled you to resign. You can speak from actual observation of the atrocities of the cowardly Sepoys; have engaged in hand-to-hand skirmishes with them; are familiar with their various interesting modes of life, their manners and customs; are *au fait* in giving imitations of the various eccentric cries and songs of the coolies, water-carriers, palanquin-bearers, and so forth. Why, Sir, your fortune is made, if you only knew it.'

'Oh! come now, Chuckle, draw it mild, you know,' smirks Sumpunk.

'A fact, Sir: a positive fact. Why, just look at it. Is not India the all-engrossing subject of the day? Of course it is. Is there not a morbid craving in the public mind for information on the subject? To be sure there is. I know it. I see it every day in my capacity as editor of the *Blue Blast*. Yes, Sir, depend upon it; the lecture's the thing to catch the conscience of the —— people, eh? Now, do n't you think so?'

'Aw,' replies Theophilus, 'might do ver well; but, aw, you see, fact is, never stood 'pon a platfawm in my life. 'Fraid, my dear fellow, could n't do it. Besides, nevaw composed a leetchaw.'

'Oh! bother! that need be no drawback. I'll very soon arrange that for you. You just notch down, from time to time, whatever may occur to you of interest on the subject, and leave the drawing up of it to me.'

'But, my dear fell ——'

'Now, no more excuses: you must go into it; you really must. 'Tis too good a chance to let slip. I will render you every assistance I can. I will speak to the landlord here, to place a good and comfortable room at your service, with whatever else you may require. I will also write a letter to the mayor, requesting him to place the town hall at your disposal, which he will gladly do. I will also supply you with plenty of bills and posters, advertise you in my paper, and give you flattering notices in my editorial columns. That's the way to make a sensation, rely upon it. So push along with your notes, and leave the rest to me. Depend upon it, you will yet bless the day you set foot in Creekville, and came across Phil Chuckle, the editor of the *Blue Blast*.

'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them.' We respectfully ask the opinion of the reader, as to which class Theophilus Sumpunk belonged.

'Ah!' he thought, as he turned the matter over in his mind, after his friend and adviser had left him, 'sensible fellow is Chuckle, very, indeed: understands and appreciates merit, wherever he sees it. Capital idea, that of his; will try it, at any rate. Nevaw venchaw, nevaw win, ha! ha!'

III.

TITUS CRUNCH, Esq., was the Mayor of Creekville; the choice, spontaneous and unanimous, of its free and independent electors. A man of unflinching, unbending integrity; yet withal possessing kindly and sympathetic elements, in common with the people, their pursuits and requirements, that eminently fitted him to sustain with credit the high official position to which their suffrages had elevated him. It was the boast of the people, no less than it was the boast of Titus Crunch himself, that Titus Crunch had risen from nothing, Sir! absolutely nothing, to fill a corner in the niche of municipal fame—a glorious example, and a living demonstration of the power of genius, and the reward of indomitable perseverance. The glory and the boast of every man, woman, and child in Creekville, was Titus Crunch; and a conceded ornament and pattern to their flourishing and highly-favored town.

We repeat, Titus Crunch fully appreciated the high honor conferred upon him by his fellow-townsmen. In a commensurate degree, so did the interesting partner of his bosom, Mrs. Titus Crunch, the help-meet of his household; the adviser and companion of his earlier struggles up the ladder of fame; and now the proud participator and sharer in the rewards of his industry and perseverance. Their daughter, too, the offspring of their mutual felicity, gifted, accomplished, and beautiful; she was placed in a sphere which her many graces of person and amiabilities of mind qualified her so eminently to adorn. And this they all knew, and felt so proud of, and so flattered were they by the sensible discrimination of the people among whom they were raised, and whose interests were so closely interwoven with their own. To promote the well-being, and guard the sacred rights of such a people with a fatherly solicitude, was the proudest aspiration of Mr. Titus Crunch; to further their means of improvement, intellectually and otherwise, his dearest boast. Accordingly, when the characteristic note from the editor of the *Blue Blast* came to hand, it found our worthy mayor most amiably disposed to do his utmost to further the praiseworthy objects of the gallant Captain of East-Indian celebrity. Mrs. C. and Miss Lydia C. lent their aid and countenance and advice in the matter; and between them, they concocted a scheme which would transcend any scheme of any former functionary, and throw a bright and luminous halo over the brief reign of Mayor Crunch, that would be an epoch in the annals of Creekville, and show him up as a pattern and example to all succeeding mayors. The project was no less a one, than throwing their doors open to the illustrious Captain; of inviting him to make their house his home while he honored Creekville with his presence; and showing him that attention and regard that the scars in battle won, and the patrician blood which coursed through his veins, demanded at the hands of the representative of the free and patriotic community of Creekville. To the lady of the house, however, must be awarded the merit of this scheme; though

the motive in her case was different, and the end to be achieved much more important. Herself descended, as she firmly believed, from a long line of noble ancestry — though so long, that she was wont to lose herself in tracing the labyrinthian turnings and windings of the genealogical maze — what more natural than that she should wish, in her own day and generation, to restore her house to its pristine glory and splendor? Her husband, though a worthy man in the main, and the architect of his own fortune, was still of plebeian origin, and destitute of all appreciation of the pride of birth, and the lustre that attends a 'state of high degree.' Therefore were the high aspirations she had ever before her, for her daughter, locked within the maternal bosom; and therefore did she pine and pray for the arrival of the knight-errant that was to snatch her beloved one from obscurity, and bear her away to his castle in the island of Happy-land. Whispers were rife throughout Creekville, that this same Sumpunk was more than he pretended to be. They set him down at least, as some nobleman's son in disguise, travelling through the country to familiarize himself with the workings of its republican machinery. 'Ah! who knows? them lords do take queer notions.'

In the mean time, the flattering *carte blanche* was received, and by the advice of Chuckle accepted, and the valise, umbrella, and fortunate possessor of so many attractions, removed to the hospitable domicile of the no less hospitable mayor.

Need we say that Theophilus, Cæsar-like, came, and saw, and conquered? We feel assured the least sanguine of our readers must have anticipated no less a fatality. Such an embodiment of all the fabled graces, what woman could see and be happy without the possessor? Such quintessence of concentrated charms of mind and person, such an accretion of all the cardinal virtues that adorn humanity, what woman, however Cleopatrian, could withstand? Assuredly not the romantic, sentimental Lydia Crunch. Although the daughter of a mayor, and the heiress of broad acres and a paper-mill, she was but human. Although brought up at the feet of wisdom, and rocked in the cradle of luxury, and reared in the lap of immaculate maternity, she was not proof against the honey-pointed arrows of this gay Theophilus. Alas! her little heart was no longer her own. It was sighed away, inch by inch, to this idol, this brazen image, that had set itself, and that she had worshipped. 'Farewell the tranquil mind,' crochet and bijouterie, books and 'weakly Fledgers,' oh! farewell. Farewell the Sylvan Sobbs and Ferny Fanns, and all the pomp and circumstance of harrowing'st tale e'er registered by act of Congress, oh! farewell! Miss Lydia's occupation's gone.

Ah! tenderest Lydia! Ah! happiest Sumpunk!

IV.

ON that day, which was to have been made memorable by the *débat* of Captain Theophilus Sumpunk before the intelligent public of Creekville, quite a little excitement in its way was manifest

in the minds of said intelligent public in anticipation of the event. Some of the most influential towns-people of that highly-favored spot had been to work, to give all possible *éclat* to the occasion. But none more so than the chief dignitary of the place, and the indomitable and persevering Phil Chuckle, editor and sole proprietor of the Creekville *Blue Blast*.

To the latter worthy, in an especial manner, were thanks due for the active and energetic interest he had taken in the matter.

The influence of the press we all know to be omnipotent. Also do we know, that no mean sinew in that powerful organization was the *Blue Blast*; nor no mean member of that powerful, polemical body denominated the press-gang, was Mr. Phil Chuckle.

The posters and paragraphs and programmes issued in thousands from his printing-office, and distributed by small boys at fifty cents a day, over the length and breadth of the town, and into every store, and house, and office, and tavern, and not only in the town, but in the adjoining villages and farm-houses, had had the desired effect. The public mind had, we might say, been stirred up with a long pole, held by the cunning hand of Phil Chuckle. The curiosity of that many-headed animal, the mass, had been worked up to its culminating point; and considering the length of time that it stood upon the tip-toe of expectation, and the exceeding inconvenience of that vertiginous position, we cannot but wonder and feel thankful that it did not irretrievably injure itself by toppling over.

But more especially in the neighborhood of the 'Spread Eagle' does the excitement prevail.

The mists and vapors surrounding that unfortunate bird of prey, when last we did ourselves the honor of apostrophizing it, have now disappeared, and it has come out of the furnace of affliction burnished and brightened, and looking more golden than ever. The day is bright and clear and crisp, and the eagle, sensible of the bracing and renovating effect, seems to lift its head with a more defiant look, and spread its wings with a firmer and more muscular development. Were the cruel nails and rods that bind it to things terrestrial but removed, we question if we would not see it soar away through the regions of space, so rampant does it look.

The hotel over which this bird presides is situated adjacent to the market-place. The town hall is in the very centre of the market-place, and it is market day; you can see that, by the stir and bustle; by the hundred-and-one wagons that are propped up against the foot-paths, groaning with produce of every description; by the number of stalls, and tables, and baskets, and bundles; and people standing, and talking, and buying, and selling, and bargaining, and bartering, and shouting, and gesticulating, as if from this day forth there was to be a famine in the land and this the last opportunity for making provision against it.

Elbowing his way pertinaciously through the crowd, we descry one who seems to have no pursuit in common with the others. It

is Theophilus. The unmistakable wrapper thrown so gracefully around him, and little military-looking glazed cap, proclaim it to be him and none other. Yet there is something strange, if not suspicious, in his very looks and actions. The sidelong glancing of the eye, and peculiar roll of the body, indicate in common parlance that there is 'something up.' Following closely at his heels is a character of 'horse-flesh' notoriety, known for not being over-scrupulous in his principles and general business transactions. This is no less a personage than Caleb Couper, a most useful man in his community, and the oracle of the great livery-stables of Slamen and Company.

They retreat beneath the expanded pinions, through the bar-room, up the stairs, and into the room before referred to, where the door is closed upon them.

What plans are there discussed, what propositions laid down, what bribes offered, is not for us to know or pry into. The mayor, studiously driving his quill up and down the columns of his ponderous ledger, dreams not of these two men laying their heads together within that little room in that most respectable of hotels the 'Spread Eagle.' My lady, with the long descent, as she lolls herself luxuriously in her couch, congratulating herself on the speedy realization of all her day-dreams, wots not of the little transaction in the aforesaid hotel. The editor of the *Blue Blast*, busy-ing himself with tickets and fulsome encomiums, to the end that a bumper house may satisfactorily reimburse all parties concerned, would pause in his labor of love, and the blue and pink tickets in his hand turn to scorpions could he but divine that instead of selling tickets at fifty cents a piece, he himself is being sold at a much less exorbitant figure. The public, too, the dear confiding public — but anon, we will not anticipate.

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,' and cries of 'Go on, go on!' from the pugnaciously disposed, seated or standing in the back part of the brilliantly-illuminated hall; and remonstrances of 'Order! order! patience! patience!' from the pacifically-disposed in the reserved seats near the platform. Eight o'clock, the hour appointed for beginning the lecture, had struck. Fifteen minutes past, and still no lecturer. The mayor had taken the chair for the purpose of preserving order and beguiling the attention of the audience with a few of his conventional exordiums. But even they were beginning to prove inadequate to appease the half-stifled clamors of the incensed auditory. Mr. Chuckle then resorted to the same expedient, but all the oil that he could throw upon the troubled waters seemed like throwing it into a fire, increasing and magnifying the blaze. Phil sat down in despair. The *Blue Blast* was rapidly changing into a white heat. The mayor subsided into the cushions of his chair of office, determined to say nothing more, but let matters take their course. At this exciting emergency a messenger was espied making his way hurriedly to the platform, waving above his head a roll of paper, and shouting

‘Make way there, a message for the mayor, to be delivered immediately.’

With apprehensive forebodings that functionary took the proffered roll, opened it, and instantly turned pale.

‘Villain! wretched impostor!’ hissed out from between his clenched teeth.

‘Chuckle, my hat; call the constables; let us pursue him! Oh! my daughter ——’

At the mention of this latter word, a long, sharp, ringing shriek rose high above the tumult, and a multiplicity of shawls, furs, etc., was seen, being carried hurriedly out by two stalwart men. Mrs. Crunch had fainted. ‘Home!’ cried her exasperated liege lord as he hurried her into a coach. Crack went the whip, off went the horses, rumble went the old family vehicle, and in a very few minutes they were at their door. But too late; the bird had flown, flown on the wings of love, bearing with him his bride, his adorable Lydia, to his castle in the island of Happy-land.

A small, hurriedly-written note, left on the toilet-table of the fair one, ran thus:

‘MY DEAR PARENTS: Weep not for me. I am very, very happy; happy in the love of one who to-morrow will call me wife. Pursuit will be useless, as my dear Theophilus has taken every precaution to render such abortive. In my sunny home beyond the seas I will often think of papa and mamma. LYDIA.’

It was not until next day that the too-confiding mayor became aware of the full extent of his loss. The secret he prudently resolved to bury within his own breast and that of his wretched wife. But scandal travels fast, and busy tongues are not slow to tell you in confidence that Ex-Mayor Crunch is not so well off now as he was this time last year. But then you know we have had a money-panic — that, I take it, is the reason, nothing more.

G O I N G T O R E S T .

I.

LET your hearts be troubled not for her,
That her trials are over-past;
She has come a long and a weary way
To this repose at last:

II.

A weary way, with a heavy load
Of care in her aching breast;
So open the door of the grave, to-night,
And let her go in and rest.

T H E S T A R S .

ALL night, all night I watch the stars
 From out my lonely window-bars,
 O KATIE dear!
 Long, long I gaze with tears and sighs,
 For as their softened splendor streams
 Through the still air,
 Like happy thoughts through your sweet dreams,
 So sweet and fair,
 They but remind me of your eyes —
 The light I love of your sweet eyes,
 And long I gaze with tears and sighs,
 O KATIE dear!

The dewy heavens so sweetly starred,
 By bookish men are sadly scarred
 With harsh names given.
 The constellations sweet
 Tripping with jewelled feet
 Across the heaven,
 Must lead forsooth a surly Bear,
 Or scourge a Dragon through the air,
 O KATIE dear,
 A Dragon through the air!

For me — I read them all the same —
 They ever, ever spell your name.
 Or go they fast, or go they slow,
 In heaven high, or heaven low,
 Or interchanging to-and-fro,
 'Tis that sweet name they love to trace,
 And spell it o'er and o'er,
 And write it ever more,
 Where no rude hand can reach it to efface,
 My KATIE dear!
 Can reach it to efface.

And in the early gray of morn,
 On Love's untiring quest,
 Oh! tenderly the blushing dawn
 Looks forth from east to west;
 Looks forth to breathe one tender kiss
 Unto the dropping moon,
 Nor dreams that jealous LUCIFER
 Above is ever watching her,
 And envies deep that wafted bliss
 And sighs for such a boon!

But ah! thy softly kindling flush
 O KATIE dear!
 With beauty wed,
 Would make, I swear,

The envious dawn to blush
A deeper red,
O KATIE dear !
A deeper red !

And could that morning star,
From his blue height afar,
Bend from his silver car
And taste thy kiss,
He'd linger in the sky,
Nor heed APOLLO nigh,
But kiss, and faint, and die,
Amid such bliss !

M I L I T A R Y A D V E N T U R E R S .

It is rather hard to define what an adventurer is now-a-days, as the term has long deviated from its original meaning. Properly and originally it was employed to designate a man who trusted to the chapter of accidents for a livelihood, or literally, to whatever should happen or 'turn up;' a person with no fixed calling or occupation, and no definite plans for the future. It has gradually and by a somewhat natural process, come to be applied to any person who has no fixed place of residence, or regular business or occupation, little principle, and who has no private fortune; for poverty is the one essential element in the character. We should never think of calling a rover, with ten thousand dollars a year, let his aims be ever so uncertain, or his antecedents ever so disreputable, an adventurer. In fact, an adventurer, as the term is now understood, may safely be defined to be a person of no pecuniary resources, whose honesty is doubtful, who has left his native place, and who has no fixed plans for the future, and above all, who is unsuccessful in what he undertakes. Failure perhaps is even more essential than poverty, for if a man succeeds he ceases to be an adventurer. Louis Napoleon was an adventurer up to the period of his election to the presidency, but no longer. So was his uncle until he got the command of the army of Italy. Rajah Brooke would have been one if he had had no private fortune: this saved him. Raleigh was an adventurer in his day, but would not be so if he lived in ours, though his career were precisely the same, inasmuch as he was a gentleman, was well known, and had private resources. It may be suggested that the last two examples could not fairly be charged with want of principle in the ordinary sense of the term, but this is one of the requisites, the absence of which is occasionally overlooked. A knave may occasionally escape being dubbed an adventurer, if in all other respects he come

up to the standard; but if he is poor and unsuccessful to boot, he must submit.

We must not omit to mention that the members of a class into which a man has forced his way by good luck, or sheer force of talent, are apt, in spite of his success, to stigmatize him as an adventurer, when those who remain below him would consider him to have lost all claim to the character. The crowned heads of Europe, for instance, always regarded Bernadotte and Napoleon the Great as adventurers; they still so consider Napoleon III.; and Cromwell was viewed in the same light by the English aristocracy. In short, the varieties of the species are innumerable, and it would take pages to enumerate the various modifications which an adventurer may undergo, and be still an adventurer. It is no part of our present purpose to detail their several characteristics. The increased facilities which each year affords for moving from one place to another, and the boundless fields of enterprise which the new countries in modern times have thrown open to the active and energetic, have naturally converted a large portion of the youth of this age into 'seekers of their fortunes,' so that in commerce knight-errantry is now looked upon, not only as a pardonable but a praiseworthy thing, and the term adventurer has lost much of its former odium; but with 'military' prefixed to it, it is probably as opprobrious as ever. Yet it is only very recently that it has become disreputable to rove about the world in search of employment for one's sword. Down to the end of the last century it was very common and very creditable for a young gentleman to serve one or two campaigns under a distinguished commander, though neither he nor his country had the smallest interest in the quarrel. It was in fact part of a polite education, and was considered useful in giving a youth a knowledge of the world, self-possession, firmness of nerve, and polish of manner. Many scions of good houses, both in Germany and England, whose fortunes were meagre, also made a practice of eking them out by embracing foreign military service as a profession. For these men the armies of powers carrying on war with the Turks seem to have had a special attraction. During the last century great numbers of young Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, and Germans of the smaller states entered the Austrian and Russian armies, and sought laurels under Eugene and Suwarrow on the Danube. At that time, however, war was in a great degree a pastime of kings and gentlemen. It was a royal game, with which the body of the people had nothing to do save to supply the recruits. The evils of war, though dwelt upon occasionally by preachers and moralists, never presented themselves forcibly to men of the world. At the battle of Fontenoy the English and French guards met in opposing columns, and the officers disputed for some minutes, each side insisting, with the loftiest courtesy, upon according to the other the privilege of firing first. The English finally suffered themselves to be overcome by the enemy's politeness, and delivered a volley with deadly effect, and hundreds

of poor Frenchmen fell on the spot. The affair was immensely applauded at the time, but it is hardly necessary to say that any such performance now would be greeted with general execration as barbarous inhumanity. Public opinion will not permit any one to fight in order to amuse himself, or give the finishing touches to education, or even to merely earn his bread. It accords the highest honors to successful soldiering, but insists that the recipient shall fight for honest convictions, or under the flag of his own country. People have no sympathy for those who sell their swords to the highest bidder, without reference to the merits of the quarrels in which they engage.

The list of military adventurers has, nevertheless, probably been larger for the last thirty years than ever before since the beginning of the last century, owing to the numbers of those whom political revolutions have driven into exile, most of them belonging to a class to whom a soldier's calling was the only one at all familiar. Hungary and Poland have contributed a larger quota to it than any other. Their political refugees are mostly nobles, who have been taught to fight as part of a gentleman's education, and are utterly unacquainted with any other mode of earning their bread. The German refugees are generally of an inferior grade, tradespeople, or professional men, who, when they find themselves in a foreign country, readily adapt themselves to their situation, and live as they have always lived, by working. France supplies a few of the roving men of the sword, but not many, as persons martially inclined can generally find abundant employment at home, and her refugees are mostly people of peaceable pursuits, whom nothing but political fanaticism could induce to take up arms, and whose military aspirations are mostly limited to a vigorous campaign against the tyrants, the aristocracy, and shop-keepers, in which all prisoners shall be decapitated.

England furnishes a very fair share. Owing to the costly style of living prevalent in her army, and the insufficiency of the officer's pay, every year a number of young men are forced to leave the service on account of their inability to keep pace with their comrades. Few of them quit the field without a hard struggle; but the crisis, unless averted by a war or rapid promotion, comes sooner or later.

While the world is at peace, or only little wars are raging, with which the regular forces are amply competent to deal, one can form no conception of the numbers of these men who lurk in the various holes and corners of European capitals. But no sooner do disturbances begin, than they make their appearance in swarms, generally buttoned up to the chin, and with a sabre in a leather or green baize case. Provisional governments, committees of safety, and ministers-at-war of menaced nationalities forthwith have an awful time of it. The great wars of Napoleon's day absorbed for twenty years or more every fighting-man in Europe; but before the Carlist outbreak in Spain a fresh crop had sprung up, and the Hispano-British legion was officered by some gentlemen of very

curious antecedents. Amongst them were a large number of respectable young men who took arms for the queen in a mere fit of soldiering enthusiasm. Most of these Palmerston has since provided for very handsomely by consulships, and various other snug little berths in divers parts of the world. Others received commissions in the English line, and have since done the state some service. But the older ones, who had drawn the sword against Don Carlos, with the burden of a great past on their shoulders, returned, as soon as that turbulent chieftain was put down, to the garrets and their misery, and most of them have since dropped off, grumbling to the last of Spanish ingratitude. Some of them, poor fellows, had good reason; many of them never received their pay in full; and many more carried scars to the grave, which no pension ever anointed, in spite of the oft-repeated promises of her Catholic Majesty. Large numbers of the younger ones are still to be met with in all quarters of the globe. They are now generally portly men, with affectionate wives and 'sweet little girls' or 'fine boys,' and labor under the cares of a household. Not a few have entered the Church, and either officiate as army chaplains, or else attend to the spiritual wants of rustics in remote country parishes, for few had interest enough to lay hold of 'fat livings.' Many more represent H. B. M. as consuls in all sorts of little out-of-the-way towns, particularly in the East. They are all remarkably tenacious of their military titles, though few of them held the rank with which they quitted the service for six months, and nearly thirty years have rolled over their weary heads since they have heard a shot fired in anger. We have seen an old lieutenant-colonel of 'the legion' somewhat tartly correct a guest in his own house for addressing him innocently as plain 'Mr.' They are all firmly convinced that such hard fighting as the legion went through in Spain has never in these latter days been witnessed, and are never tired of rehearsing the desperate exploits performed by Jones at Oporto, or of the awful fire which swept the slopes at Fuente d'Onore, when Smith led the volunteers for the third time to the assault. They all consider themselves veterans, though none of them were more than two years under arms, and smiled somewhat pityingly at the martial ardor of the younger tribe who assailed Sebastopol. Most of them have managed to keep one another in sight through all the ups and downs of life, with remarkable devotion, and we do not know that we have ever seen any thing much more charmingly and tenderly comic than the meeting of a few old legionaries after a long separation. They talk of *their* war as a thing of yesterday, and though many of the present generation have scarce ever heard of it, to them it is evidently the great event of the century. Their quarter of a century of civil life utterly disappears under the bright glow of their reminiscences, and the Carlist war swallows up two-thirds of their existence. They are desperately punctilious in maintaining their dignity against officers of the Queen's troops. There is many a young fellow, not over thirty, in the latter, who has seen more fighting in five years of his

career than all the Christinist heroes put together, but the latter obstinately persist in regarding him as 'a youngster,' and are a little bit nettled at any want of recognition of their seniority when military matters come on the tapis. Take them for all in all, few bands of military adventurers turn out as many worthy fellows, and few have ever been commanded by a braver soldier and a better man than their chief, De Lacy Evans, who did so much to brighten matters in the Crimea.

After the decease of the Spanish legion, and the expulsion of Don Carlos, the profound peace which reigned through Europe until 1848, gave military adventurers little chance of bettering their condition in life. They lived quietly in their attics in London and Paris, ate their chops, drank their *demi-tasses* and *petits verres*, played billiards and dominoes, and denounced Lord Aberdeen, Palmerston, and Louis Philippe until the revolution of February. During the eventful year which followed it, the gentlemen of the sword swarmed every place in which there was most to do, Schleswig-Holstein, Vienna, Hungary above all, and Piedmont. They had a brief but glorious career. The services of any man who professed ever to have worn a uniform, were of course invaluable to the raw levies and enthusiastic grocers, of which the armies of the liberals were composed. But the close of 1849 saw them driven back into their old dens, with no better relics of their labors than half-a-dozen additional stories for the cafés, and a few daguerreotypes of beauties whose country they were on the point of liberating. Their numbers were, however, immensely increased by fresh refugees from Poland, large numbers of Hungarians and Italians. They scattered themselves all over Europe, and waited impatiently, like Mr. Micawber, for something else to turn up.

The revolutionary war in Hungary was so long and well maintained, and was illustrated by such able generalship, that it drew together an immense number of the refugees from all parts of the world; and when Gorgei's surrender at Vilagos put an end to the struggle, they all threw themselves into Turkey. A large proportion of them there began life anew, as soon as their extradition began to be talked of, by turning Mussulmen; though to which religious denomination they had belonged before their apostasy, it would puzzle those who know more about them than we to say. It is hardly necessary to add, that in all but the very shreds of external observance, they were none of them a bit more a follower of the prophet than any deacon in the United States, and all fully intended to repudiate him as soon as they got a chance of returning to their own country. The drollest, cleverest, shrewdest of them all was a Pole, who after his reception into the Mohammedan Church, took the name of Hidaïet, which, with the addition of the Turkish synonym for 'Mr.,' made his ordinary designation Hidaïet Aga. When we made his acquaintance — a pleasure which for long afterward caused us so many tears of laughter — he had formally quitted the Turkish service in disgust, and was serving as a sort of volunteer aid-de-camp to one of his

countrymen, who commanded a brigade on the Danube; and beside drawing rations, made something by gambling and horse-dealing. He was generally well mounted and armed and dressed, and was attended by a valet and cook of his own nation, upon whom he committed two or three assaults daily, but who was nevertheless devotedly attached to him. Hidaïet Aga was in the habit of calling into our quarters after dinner, squatting himself cross-legged in our divan, and retailing his experiences of Turkish military life in the most intensely comic strain, though without changing a muscle of his face. When he came first to Constantinople, and entered the service, he found it for a long while impossible to get his pay as captain of infantry; and was so hard up, that his uniform became tattered, and he was almost ashamed to go out into the street. He was rather a favorite with Mustapha Pasha, who at that time commanded the garrison of Constantinople, and determined to try a ruse upon him. He accordingly entered the general's quarters one day, with a bundle of old numbers of the *Indépendance Belge* thrust into the breast of his uniform, the end appearing outside the buttons. The Pasha invited him to be seated, but had perceived the newspapers, and noticed Hidaïet's look of deep gravity; like all Turks, he was dreadfully anxious to know what the European papers, the 'gazetta,' said, and accordingly inquired the news. Hidaïet replied, with apparent reluctance to reveal what he knew, that there was no news. His looks belied him, and the Pasha's anxiety increased with his reluctance. To appear indifferent and calm is, however, one of the cardinal rules of Turkish etiquette. So the conflict lasted nearly an hour, till the Pasha could contain himself no longer, and sent the servants out of the room, and plumply declared that he saw newspapers sticking out of his uniform, and there must be some news.

'There is,' was the reply. (Long pause; Pasha trembling with impatience.)

'What is it?'

'There's an article here,' producing the paper and pointing out three columns partly the *Faits Divers* and partly advertisements.

'What is it about?' said the Pasha, dropping his pipe.

'About you,' said Hidaïet, with an awful look.

To understand the terrible nature of this announcement, one needs to know the tormenting susceptibilities of Turkish officials to European opinions about them. They are well aware that the influence of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople is all-powerful, and are in daily fear of a complaint originating abroad, which may prove their ruin.

'Read it, Effendi,' entreated the General, waxing politer and politer toward his inferior.

The Pole forthwith invented and delivered what purported to be a translation of the article, but which was in reality a fulsome eulogy upon the Pasha, setting forth his great military skill, his innumerable virtues, the extraordinary efficacy of the police regula-

tions enforced by the troops under his command, and calling strenuously upon the Porte to promote the hero to a still higher position in the state. The subject of the panegyric heard it all with tears of rapture in his eyes.

‘Do you know who wrote that?’ he inquired, when Hidaieh had done.

‘Zara yok,’ (No matter,) was the reply.

‘Oh! I know: you did, yourself.’

‘No matter.’

‘Yes, you did: command me. What can I do for you?’

‘I have had no pay for a year.’

Hands were clapped; a writer or secretary called for; and an order written forthwith, commanding the ‘defterdar’ to pay to Hidaieh Aga the sum of five thousand piastres.

‘What else?’

‘There’s some fine blue cloth in the store at the Seraskier’s, and my uniform is very bad.’

More clapping of hands — the writer called again, and another order written for ten yards of cloth. The Pasha wanted to keep the paper to show to his friends, but the Pole was too wily for that, and pretended he had borrowed it of the Russian ambassador, and solemnly promised to return it. The anxiety of the Russian ambassador to retain the article put the Pasha beside himself, and Hidaieh took his leave under a shower of the most endearing epithets. This was a trick, however, which could not be played often, and as the pay did not come in regularly, and the uniform would get shabby, our hero took his leave of the service, and, as we have already said, started on his own hook as a volunteer on the staff of a general of his own nation. In this capacity he found himself in charge of a regiment of cavalry near Karakal in Wallachia, in the spring of 1854. In front of him was a regiment of Paskevitch hussars, and half a battery of artillery, forming part of the rear-guard of the returning wing of Gortschakoff’s army. After a whole morning’s manœuvring and counter-manœuvring, Hidaieh managed to out-march the Russians, and deploy his line across the head of their column. They immediately attempted to wheel into line, and he seized the decisive moment for a brilliant and successful charge. He rode in front, shrieking, ‘Bismillah-i-rachmani-rahim — in the name of God the merciful, the very merciful!’ with as much unction, and as much effect, as if he had been the devoutest of Mussulmen. The Russians were completely routed, lost their guns, and their colonel was killed. After the action, the Turkish officers attempted to run off with the Russian artillery-horses as private booty, and were forthwith pursued by Hidaieh and some half-dozen Poles, whose ideas of military duty and honor were more strict. Armed with sticks, they thrashed the delinquents soundly, and brought back the spoil. When we last saw him, he was filling the honorable position of dragoman to the British Commissioner. There was great dearth of forage, and we

had for some days been reduced to the desperate expedient of feeding our horses on rice. We applied to him in our extremity, and he forthwith promised relief, seized us by the arm, and hurried us off down the street and out into the country. In five minutes' gallop we met a long train of wagon-loads of hay, conducted by peasantry, coming in for the French commissariat. As soon as they got within hearing distance, he began to shower on their heads every term of opprobrium the Turkish language contains, and their name is legion; and after swearing himself out of breath, took a piece of paper out of his pocket, appeared to peruse it attentively, and then asked the head man of the train why the impure dogs had been so long on the road, that he had been expecting them for hours. The poor peasant poured a long string of apologies out of his sheep-skin pelisse, upon which Hidaïet appeared to relent. He then counted the wagons; said there were but fourteen, when there ought to be fifteen; asked where the missing one was, and scolded furiously again. This time the peasants were awfully frightened; a hundred blows of a stick each was the least, as far as appearances went, they could look forward to. They tore their beards, and swore there were but fourteen when they started. He was not satisfied; turned the whole train off the road, and brought them in by another gate opposite our door, where he directed one of the best wagons to unload, sent the rest about their business, only too glad to escape, and directed us to pay the owner the market price. We expressed our doubts about the morality of the transaction, but he pooh-poohed them. We had as good a right to the hay as the French — and, any how, '*à la guerre comme à la guerre!*'

The inveterate vice of the Polish adventurers, the best as well as the worst of them, is gambling. They gamble late and early, night, noon, and morning, and rarely think of any other occupation, beyond their military duties. Bosom friends win from one another their money, watches, rings, horses, and arms, and yet we have never heard of its causing the slightest interruption in their friendship. We have known eight of them to assemble every night in *zemlik*, or under-ground huts, not over twelve feet square, and play until two in the morning, though unable to see each other's faces from the smoke of their cigarettes, and then turn out as usual an hour before daybreak, to man the works, with as much alacrity as if they had passed the night on down. They lend to one another with as much readiness as they borrow, and we doubt if these lenders are often 'done.' They form an isolated community in the midst of strangers, are daily in need of each other's help, and consequently the good opinion of the body is of the last importance to each individual member of it. The prince of all the gamblers, drinkers, riders, cavalry soldiers, and military adventurers, that ever we knew, was Iskender Bey, a Pole of old and distinguished family, whose brother now occupies a high position under the Russian government. At what period Iskender quitted

his father-land, we could never clearly make out; as, if half the adventures which he related of himself were true, he must have commenced life about the beginning of the century. He was too young a man, however, though campaigning had grizzled his beard and wrinkled his face probably ten years too early, to have begun soldiering much before 1830; and from all we could learn, we thought ourselves justified in ascribing his expatriation to participation in the insurrection of that year. Since then he represented himself as having been present at the siege of Herat, in 1836-37, having served in the Carlist War in Spain, in several campaigns with the French in Algeria, in the Hungarian War in 1848-49, the campaign in Bosnia, under Omar Pasha, in 1850, and last of all, in the last Russian War; all of which was, no doubt, true, though many of the incidents he related of his career were apocryphal. He certainly carried the scars left by thirteen wounds on his body, and was too good a soldier to have become so without long and varied experience. When we first made his acquaintance, he had been suffering from fever and ague for years, but nevertheless gambled all night, and fought by day with as much hilarity as if his life was a stream of pleasure. He, as others, had a Polish cook, who stood inside the door while his master was at dinner. When any of the dishes appeared to be a failure, the latter instantly seized the loaf of bread, which stood at his elbow, and hurled it at the delinquent's head, who forthwith disappeared, and returned to the room no more. His cook had a most miserable time of it. All the other Poles, and their name was legion, who frequented Iskender's quarters, as if they were their own, exercised equal jurisdiction over him, and boxed his ears or swore at him as the occasion might require. He was a tall, strapping fellow, who had served in the lancers at home, and, unfortunately for him, very irascible. Most of his cooking, when I first made Iskender's acquaintance, was performed in the open air on the side of a hill where we were encamped, holes being dug in the ground for the fire. If he found any thing not going well, he would lose his temper and fly at the pots and pans, and kick them down the hill, and immediately, as if stricken with remorse, fly for his life. The sentry at Iskender's door forthwith gave notice, and a party of the assembled guests would mount and start in pursuit, catch the cook, and tie him to the axle-tree of a baggage-wagon for two or three hours. This episode was of weekly occurrence, and at last became a chronic camp excitement. The cry, that Iskender's dinner was down the hill, would bring out hundreds to see the soup and bouilli flying, and the cook disappearing in the distance. If you ask us why he did not discharge him, we reply that Poles don't understand discharging a servant; they beat him and kick him; and besides, Iskender would not have got another cook within three hundred miles.

THE OLD GAMBREL ROOF.

'Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.
 Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.
 (Born in a house with a gambrel-roof,
 Standing still, if you must have proof.
 'Gambrel? Gambrel?' Let me beg
 You'll look at a horse's hinder leg,
 First great angle above the hoof,
 That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.')

—O. W. HOLMES.

In a sweet little hamlet, in front of the green,
 Stands a rustic old farm-house, once dear to my eye,
 Where the days of my youth and my boyhood were spent,
 And, God willing, I once hoped to die;
 A poplar stood near it, like a sentinel tall,
 Harm and danger to keep from its inmates aloof,
 While a welcome the humblest were certain to find
 'Neath its homely old Gambrel Roof.

The church and the parsonage stood lovingly by,
 And the little red school-house where I learned to spell,
 And the solemn old court-house, the famous town-pump,
 And an old-fashioned moss-covered well;
 A weeping old willow drooped near the wide gate
 Where my grand-mother formerly wove the coarse woof,
 Though, alas! the good woman has long ceased to weave,
 And is mourned 'neath the old Gambrel Roof.

There the music is heard of the dear piping bird,
 And the soft-lowing ox and bleating young lamb,
 And the ploughman's shrill whistle, the reaper's gay song,
 And Nature's great morning psalm;
 There the song too is piped of the shrill-crowing cock,
 There is heard the rude trampling of many a hoof,
 And the farmer-boy's shout as he leaps from his couch
 'Neath the drowsy old Gambrel Roof.

There the dandelion bright and the gay buttercup,
 Which I've held under many a young maiden's chin,
 Bespangle the garden, begay the broad fields
 And bedeck the old village green;
 The daisy, too, raises its innocent head,
 While the rose, all too modest, stands blushing aloof,
 And the sweet-brier clammers, determined to kiss
 (What wonder!) the old Gambrel Roof.

Ah! many's the day since there I have been,
 And bitter the tears I am shedding just now,
 As I think of the frolicsome days I there spent,
 With the sweet dew of youth on my brow;
 Alas! mother, and father, and sister are gone,
 Against death the old farm-house alone seemeth proof,
 And strangers now pass through the old oaken door,
 And sleep 'neath the old Gambrel Roof.

THE MILLENNIAL CLUB.

BY A MEMBER.

I CANNOT tell whether you would call our Club a political club or not. In this country, where we are nothing if not political, we never tolerate politics, so I hope it is not.

‘What do you think, Sir, of putting the inhabitants of the Cannibal Islands into a bag, and throwing them into the sea?’

‘Well, really, Sir, you must excuse me, but I do not interest myself in politics. I know, in fact, nothing about them.’

‘Ah! well then, my dear Sir, what do you think of Longshanks who has been selling Buncomb short?’

‘Think of him, Sir? I think he is a d—d rascal, Sir, that’s what I think of him.’

Under these circumstances, our Club was formed. The only difficulty with it is that it always remains so small. Its motto is the old Greek proverb, ‘Everyman’s good’s every other man;’ and although it is almost impossible at this late day and in this distant country, to tell exactly what it means, we have reduced it to a practical form by saying, nobody shall buy five-cent segars for four cents.

The doctrine and the practice impress me very strangely, who have been educated in Europe, where I have all my life seen a few people — of the blue blood, I suppose — smoking shilling regalias for nothing. At first I was pleased by it, but I think I was pained at last; and I often compared one of these few people with one of the many, to discover the real reason of the difference. But the smoking-machine was quite the same in both cases, as far as I could make out, except, possibly, that there was more smoke about the few and more fire in the many.

However, I grew used to it. I say it to my shame, I have been as comfortable in a palace as in a cabin. But I had no business in the palace; nobody has.

So strongly was I persuaded of it, that I came home. For at home, said my early recollections, you will find segars of the same price to every customer. Those recollections were the syrens that sweetly sang me homeward. I bounded ashore into their arms; I claimed the fulfilment of their promises; I demanded that they should show me a world which was not disgraced by its inhabitants.

Then came the questions I have recorded above, from which it appeared that under his clothes man is always a fowl without feathers: that is to say, he is always busy picking up his own corn, and not in the least degree solicitous whether you get yours or not; perhaps even thinking that if your legs fail for want of corn,

so that you cannot step about, there will be one pair of bills less. And do we not always want fewer kills?

It is droll to contemplate the human hen-yard, because there is always corn enough, and yet so few hens get any thing to eat. Pip and sudden exits prevail on every hand; and some chanticleer in royal red, smoking, as it were, shilling regalias for nothing, steps lordly about, and finally sinks in a plethora.

So we formed the Club. Its object is simply the Millennium, and it means the amelioration of the race. We have no public meetings, but every member works where he can and how he can. I have seen them busy at high 'change, and heard them in the pulpits of every sect. They are frequently to be encountered at lyceums delivering lectures, and sometimes in editorial rooms writing leaders.

During the recent pear season the President invited several of the members to his country-seat to eat pears, with the promise of a trip in his yacht. You will see from what he said, whether he is not our proper President. His country-seat is a charming place. The air is so sweet about it, the light so soft, the landscape so tranquil and lovely, that I always think of it as in Arcadia, but I believe it is really in Connecticut. As you approach it through winding lanes, with glimpses of distant water, as broad and splendid as the sea, but for convenience called Long Island Sound, the fields lie on either hand so profoundly peaceful, the reposing cattle chew the cud with such drowsy unconcern, the barns are so fat, and the infrequent farm-houses so sleepy, that men coming from the town hail the tranquillity as sailors after tumultuous tossing at sea, smell the sweet breath of unseen Spanish gardens; in the air

'It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half-prankt with spring, with summer half-imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.'

Do you fancy the ample gardens, the stately terraces, the long bowery alleys and trimmed avenues, the smooth sweep of lawns, skirted with perfumed shrubbery, the plashing fountains, vases, statues? Do you see the gay company fitting up and down the marble steps, leaning over the foliated balustrades, smiling, bowing, whispering? Do you pass on into the lofty halls and pictured parlors, the dim library, the banqueting-room, the long range of galleries? Do you behold this rural elysium, this pastoral Paradise?

So did I; but when along that winding lane, catching glimpses of the distant water, we walked at sun-set, the earth seemed entirely prepared for the reign of peace and good-will, as the President discoursed to us in the following strain:

A child who loiters in old libraries, and stands high on the steps devouring old books written by hands now dust, of places now

changed forever; who sits in the dusky silence while Time softly steals the day away hour by hour, and the loud-ticking clock in the distant hall, which fills the house with its sound, affects him like the soothing of a nursery song, has his imagination full of visions of quaint country villas and vast estates, rural mansions and baronial halls, which stretch away in alluring perspective whenever he is bidden to the country. Every farm he hears of, is a 'Blakesmoor in H — shire,' to a thoughtful city child.

Some boys stand on the library-steps all their lives. Wherever they go, whatever they see, they are still in the dusky library, and still know only the romantic aspect of the world. Such are they who go to the Coliseum, and behold only picturesque arches fringed with ferns in an Italian moon-light, who fancy Roman dames with jewelled fingers, dead centuries ago, pointing gladiators to death; and who do not shudder that the very ground they tread on is saturated with the blood of countless murders, that the very stones are crystallized with shrieks of horror.

Other boys, on their way down the steps, discover that some splendid results have been attained in the world too soon, as it were, and unfairly. They are like early peas and strawberries, coming on the table before their natural time. Thus great ease and luxury for the individual should be known only in a society where every body is comfortable. A few men in a few places have enjoyed great domains, spacious palaces and parks, and lovely pleasure-grounds. How lovely and pleasant they are as you walk in them!

The Villa d'Este at Tivoli, for instance: I recollect it on that perfect day of summer. I linger again down the silent avenue of cypresses; I hear the feeble plash of water in the fountain with the ruined mossy margin: and here is one gone dry. The light glimmers, the shadows deepen. It is not Ferrara, but it is the Villa d'Este, and it is by the magic of that name that the figure with the laureled head and the melancholy eyes glides, holding a manuscript from ladies whose eyes smile upon him and whose pride shuns him. How rich and stately and beautiful the villa is in its decay! Was it altogether beautiful in its prime? Trees, fountains, and statues always are. How about the system of which it was a pretty flower? The retreating figure of Tasso seems to have left only sadness in this enchanted air.

Palaces have a millennial aspect to the imagination, for they imply that every man in the world is at ease. No man wants to eat cake while his brother is starving — I mean ideally, not historically, exactly. The haggard beggar at her elbow spoils the beauty of the most beautiful woman in the world, just as a mud hovel destroys satisfaction in the palace it adjoins. How can you hope to get music from the harp when only its least string is unstrung? Is the world less harmonious than a harp?

So these things seem to have been possessed too soon. The race was never yet so prosperous, that any individual should have

built Chatsworth or Certosa. With what immense injustice the romantic Kenilworth Castle is tainted! For the hidden principle of feudal tenure, whether in Egypt or England, ugly and coarse as the foundation-wall of the most beautiful temple in the world, is, every man for himself and something else for the hindmost!

Do you remember the Cathedral at Cologne? It has been unfinished for hundreds of years. It never will be finished. But upon the incomplete tower vines hang and wave — foliage blooms and rustles, and all the romantic pomp of antiquity crowns an ancient fragment that was never a ruin. So it is with many of the feudal phenomena. They are decorated with a grace and beauty that should properly belong only to results ripened by the holiest, not by the meanest civilization. These remarks contained the whole philosophy of our Club.

The objections to building Chatsworth and Certosa, continued our President, do not lie against my country-seat. It is a little old house on the shore, standing at the grassy mouth of a pretty river that winds inland from a bay of the Sound.

It is separated from the Sound on one side by a long, low, sandy spit, on which stands a hut, alone on the wide, wide sea. The hut seems to be built in the water when the tide is high, and stands profoundly solitary; and you will be glad to hear that it was the house in which Cowper wrote his ode, and Zimmerman his book on solitude.

The house is so near the pebbly and grassy beach that the children are floundering in and out of the water all the time. They dress on the porch, and scamper down — splash — whoop! The languid old element, hugging the earth, is glad to be caressed in turn by the blithe young immortals. They bring in marine booty without end, and their aquatic forays are richly rewarded. Dry horse-shoes, with all their anatomy displayed — shells, stones, weeds, flowers, every thing is fish to the net of that childish curiosity on the shore.

I say, one is not troubled there with the feeling that injustice is done to any other human being. No farmer can complain, for not a solitary potato do I raise; nor the butcher, for I buy all my meat; nor the fisherman, for I buy fish; nor the stable-keeper of the next village, for I hire horses; nor the grocer, for I buy stores. I raise nothing, and keep no animals. Not a hen clucks, not a pigeon coos, not a dog barks, not a horse neighs, not a cow lows, about the grounds of my country-seat.

Will you see the gardens — the terraces — the fountains?

They are close by. The finest flowers grow in the wood yonder. The hardest and most level terrace is the pasture beyond the four bars. Lawn and lake are combined in the gleaming waters of the bay, and my yacht is a 'cat' large enough for two.

Cid, who is a member of our Club in full standing, but who, I think, has some of the true-blue blood in his heart, evidently had hopes of something like the Alhambra; when, suddenly, the Pre-

sident jumped over the fence, and opened the little wooden gate for us to enter. We tramped through the long grass under a venerable cherry tree, by a wagon-house, in front of which was no wagon; and at the end of the piazza of a little tumble-down cottage stood the mother of a swarm of children that came rolling and bounding over the grass to meet their papa and his friends.

'This is my country-seat, gentlemen,' said the President, as he waved his hand over the fields. 'I pay three dollars and a half rent every month. I do my farming in Fulton Market. I buy my segars of Mr. Sparrowgrass, and never pay less than the price. The taint of Kenilworth is unknown here. The cloud that hangs over Locksley Hall is dissolved into a rainbow in our sky. Gentlemen, the pears and melons are on the table. Walk in!'

At a special meeting of the Club, held on the piazza in the evening—I will say of the Democratic Club, although there are several celebrated Democrats who are not members—it has been unanimously decided, and now stands upon the record, that certain pleasures can be said to be fully and fairly enjoyed only in a *Commonwealth*, or a state of society in which feudalism is utterly abolished.

There was, indeed, one member who pished, and sputtered, and said: 'Pooh, pooh, do n't be impracticable. You've got to take the world as you find it. Shall I not do what I will with mine own?'

The President of the Club instantly replied, with a sweetness that has secured his reelection: 'Perhaps so; if you can find out what your own is.'

We all returned to town the next day but one. The intervening day was devoted to an excursion in the yacht, on which occasion I was twice put ashore to recover the tone of my stomach. I was perhaps not so happy as some of the others.

But still, as I walked alone upon the beach, and looked over the bright dancing water, I wondered how much truth there might be in what the President had said. If the spirit of feudalism is so subtle, and can so deeply taint the

'Castle-walls
And snowy summits old in story,'

is it quite washed out by the salt sea that rolls between us and old history, so that no possession of ours is liable to be tainted by it? Is it necessary to suppose that every friend of man who talks with a needy knife-grinder must be a hypocrite and charlatan? It was Canning who wrote the comical sapphics—but was Canning's England such a heaven that he could afford to write such verses? Does not the whole course of history show that the one thing wanting has been practice of the principle of our Club—'Everyman'sgood'severyotherman'?

If you think so, why not join?

T H O M A S J E F F E R S O N .

CHOSEN substitute of Peyton Randolph, Jefferson entered Congress in 1775. His ready pen, his known patriotism, his legal acumen made him a leader; and, at the session of 1776, he was chosen, along with John Adams, Roger Sherman, Dr. Franklin, and Robert Livingston, to draft the Declaration of Independence. The part which Mr. Jefferson took in the composition of the original document is unquestioned. His colleagues requested him to draw it up, which he did. This draft was first submitted to Dr. Franklin and John Adams, who merely made a few verbal emendations. It was approved by the Committee, and then introduced to Congress. The debate which followed is traditionally memorable. Congress having sat with closed doors, no record of its current proceedings transpired further than the acts which passed into laws. Hence we are left with no knowledge of what was said, except what has since been generally said by the actors themselves. From them we learn that the excitement was intense, the debate bitter and closely contested; that John Adams was 'a Colossus,' meeting every opponent, and driving all before him. The Declaration finally was adopted, modified considerably, and for the better, it must be confessed. The original document was too rhetorical in some of its parts; it savored too strongly of a philosophical discourse, and was less calculated to affect the people and the cause favorably than the form finally adopted.

We are presented, in Dr. Randall's volumes, with a *fac-simile* of the original draft, bearing the impress of Jefferson's hand, as well as the interlineations of Dr. Franklin and Adams. The original and the amended drafts are also given, side by side, that the reader may see, at a glance, where the two documents differ. Dr. Randall devotes a number of pages to the question of the authorship of the document — as if any person could doubt the evidence of the *fac-simile* given. But we can really see little propriety in claiming so great honor for its composition, since the Declaration adopted was as far from Mr. Jefferson's document as it could well be and preserve the shadow of a likeness. When the original was used, it was but a repetition of sentiments almost hourly upon the tongues of the people, expressing opinions common to every patriot heart. Their mere repetition could lay claim to little originality. Where the Declaration was original, it was so cropped and modified as to leave only its shadow. We may with truthfulness say, that Congress was the real author of the immortal document as it now stands.

Mr. Jefferson retired from Congress to take his seat in the Virginia (new) House of Delegates, in October, 1776. He threw his whole strength into the subject of reforms, and for several years labored successfully upon the government and statutes. His will is

every where apparent in the Code of Virginia to this day. Her courts bear the forms of his choosing; her conditions of citizenship are his; while the other States, taking their suggestions from the patriotic and able Burgesses, followed their action and adopted their modes and reforms very largely. Few new States have since been organized which have not turned to the Virginia statutes for precedents.

June first, 1779, saw Mr. Jefferson chosen to succeed Patrick Henry as Governor of Virginia. It was a time of darkness to the country, when gloom put sweet hope to the torture, and spectres haunted council-fires and hearth-stones. We may not pause to recapitulate the events of the period. Mr. Randall, with considerable skill, groups the historical data, though, we believe, without adding any new fact to what has already been recorded. The British, under Arnold and Tarleton and Philips, swept over the State, ravaging and destroying all before them. To this point of history Mr. Randall devotes much labor, entertaining seriously the charge of inefficiency and cowardice preferred against Mr. Jefferson for not staying the marauders. The plea is needless, we must say. We cannot help thinking, however, that the Governor did show (as very well he might) some trepidation, when he fled from Charlottesville on his fleet horse, leaving his brave negro-man to receive the insolent foe, which he did with honor to himself and benefit to his fleeing master's property.

Congress named Jefferson (June fifteenth, 1781) one of the four Commissioners to the proposed Peace Congress at Vienna, but he declined for personal reasons. On the last day of June, he was thrown from his horse, and considerably injured. His confinement resulted fortunately for the country, since he then composed his now celebrated 'Notes on Virginia,' papers which show the variety and precision of the author's acquirements in a highly pleasing light. The remaining months of the year 1781 were devoted to home pursuits, studies, and the care of his beloved wife, whose fast-failing health was a source of deep anxiety to the loving husband. She died September sixth, 1782. Her loss weighed heavily upon Mr. Jefferson. Notwithstanding a frequently expressed determination to serve no longer in any public capacity, he now accepted the appointment of Minister Plenipotentiary, (unanimously tendered by Congress,) to negotiate the articles of peace proposed by the new English Ministry. News coming early in February, 1783, of the provisional peace already agreed upon, the mission was abandoned.

In June, 1783, he was elected to Congress by the General Assembly of Virginia, taking his seat November, 1784. His offices were many, and responsible enough, showing the respect in which his opinions and learning were held by his associates, who numbered some of the finest intellects and purest hearts in the country. Among other fruits of his hands, was the Ordinance organizing the

North-Western Territory, so celebrated in politics for its declarations against slavery in the Territories.*

May seventh, 1784, Adams, Jefferson, and Franklin were named Ministers Plenipotentiary for negotiating treaties with foreign powers. Jefferson's services at the French Court are adverted to at length by the biographer, and in very proper terms; for the statesman played the diplomatist with consummate skill and success, placing our young *untried* country upon terms of political and commercial equality with the leading nations.

Martha Jefferson accompanied her father out. His little Polly, scarce nine years old, followed in July, 1787, attended only by a negro serving-girl, from Virginia to Paris. With his children, he was indeed a loving, considerate parent, and it is to their credit that they proved worthy of the father's watchful care. Modern daughters can learn many a lesson of parental obedience and duty by studying the history of the most admirable Martha Jefferson.

The residence in Paris was prolonged to 1789, when having obtained leave of absence, he returned home, reaching Monticello December twenty-third. In spite of the master's sturdy command, his negroes dragged his carriage up to the house, amid grand 'roars of applause.'

The appointment of Secretary of State in Washington's first Cabinet, prevented his return to Paris. He took his office of Secretary in March, 1790. We here enter upon an important era of our history; especially important, since that history then becomes compounded of the lives of the men ordering the new Government, chief among whom are Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Lee, etc. It is not possible in a paper of this necessary brevity, to recur to this subject at length, or even to advert to Jefferson's share in the great work of starting the machinery of the untried Constitution. That it was an important share, might well be surmised, were there no records to show it; but there are voluminous records, from whose statements and data it is, at times, easier to draw inferences than to get at the truth. Mr. Randall enters zealously into the record, and gives us Mr. Jefferson's biography from a highly partisan stand-point. The writer seems to assume it as a general principle, that to assault a foe is to befriend a friend; and thereupon goes to the task of immolating Alexander Hamilton with a hearty good will. Hamilton, as the author of the system of finance which raised this country from the lowest deep of bankruptcy and repudiation to a strong and commanding position, soon became the recognized 'man for the times,'

* In Chapter X., Mr. RANDALL insinuates a parallel between the characters of JEFFERSON and JOHN HAMPDEN. It is a grievous weakness of the biographer, that he finds all virtues in his illustrious subject. Imagine JOHN HAMPDEN as the unscrupulous party tactician, the rabid French Revolutionist, the malignant prosecutor in BURR's trial and in Judge CHASE's impeachment, the author of the 'Ana' papers, which recorded for public inspection the most private and sacred conversations of friends at his table; imagine JOHN HAMPDEN, the irascible and suspicious Secretary of State, the hearty *hater* of Federalists and Cincinnatians! The biographer weakens his cause by challenging such parallels, we must think.

in whom Mr. Jefferson clearly saw an opponent of formidable character. To sustain his own influence, it was necessary to disparage the acts, the policy, and even the private character of Hamilton. This he did, in a warfare which, even in this day of gross political aspersion, has not had its counterpart.

Jefferson assumed the position, and maintained it pertinaciously to the end, that Hamilton had monarchical designs upon the government, was going to destroy popular rights and the Constitution, all simply because Mr. Hamilton entertained an idea that the Constitution did not delegate power enough to the Executive. (He little foresaw what power it could be made to lend to Presidents of less integrity than Washington possessed!) Jefferson ceased not to impugn Hamilton's motive, in his splendid financial schemes of an assumption by Congress of the State Debts, of the National Bank, etc.; and only foresaw aristocracy, privilege, nobility, in every step proposed by the Treasurer for strengthening the finances of the Government, and for placing the commerce of the country under proper tariff protection. Washington, Adams, Franklin, Marshall, Lee, Livingston, Pinckney, Knox, Schuyler, Morris, all coöperated with Hamilton; and this very coöperation, Jefferson's diseased imagination construed as a proof of the aristocratic character of the Federal party, of which Mr. Hamilton became the recognized leader. He therefore threw himself into the ultra-popular side of the governmental question, became clamorous for popular rights to a degree which now seems ridiculous, and which, when he was in power, he most singularly forgot to embody.

Jefferson first opposed the Constitution, which Alexander Hamilton so splendidly expounded — thereby aiding in its adoption — in the 'Federalist' papers. He found the Constitution was becoming popular, and thereupon not only gave up his opposition, but enlisted fervently in its support, seeing virtues where once he plainly detected ogre-like deformity. He advised four States to hold off from the ratification, thus to defeat the adoption of the instrument; at a later day, when advised of the designs of secession entertained by some of the New-England States, he called it high treason. Just previous to this, he had ridden into place upon his State Rights hobby! In the days of the Confederation he expressed the strong sentiment that the government would never prosper until the Confederation showed its teeth! Such was the inconsistency of the great statesman's course. It proves that he was, in the strictest sense, a 'trimmer,' leaning to that side, to that line of conduct which promised the most fruits to himself.

Since we are upon this point of the subject, let us advert to other of his inconsistencies.

He was, at first, in favor of the assumption of the State debts; then became its bitter opponent.

He inveighed against the charter of the United States Bank and branches as unconstitutional; and yet, when President, approved the bill enacting the branch at New-Orleans.

His construction of the powers of the Constitution was that of

rigid recognition of its letter, yet he rode his State Rights hobby, and clamored for the disseminated powers of the State executives (so popular for party purposes.) In the New-England States he saw treason (for it was popular to do so) in all assertion of State Rights; in the Kentucky resolutions (for it was popular to do so) he advised nullification.

By Jefferson's own construction of the Constitution, the Embargo was unconstitutional; yet he declared for its enforcement.

In the celebrated Ordinance of the North-west Territory, he inhibited Slavery, and voted strenuously for the inhibition; in his letter to Mr. Holmes, pending the Missouri restriction agitation, he takes the argumentative for Slavery extension over that territory — for it was popular to do so.

He opposed, as unconstitutional, all internal improvements by Government, and approved the Cumberland Road bill — for it was popular in his State to do so.

He declared against the constitutionality of any purchase from Spain (hear it, ye filibusters!) of the Louisiana territory; yet actually negotiated the treaty of purchase and cession, and approved of the treaty — for it was popular so to do.

He was friendly to protective duties at one time — then inimical — for it was 'popular' to be so.

He thought the separation of the States into Eastern and Western Confederacies was no evil, and became the unnecessary prosecutor of Aaron Burr for forming such a design.*

He thought Shay's rebellion praiseworthy; that the Government was in small business in crushing out the whisky men of Pennsylvania.

He thought a navy anti-republican.

He deemed the judiciary dangerous to civil liberty.

He declared *all* men to be capable of self-government.

He charged the Presbyterians with 'panting to establish an Inquisition.'

He recorded private and most confidential conversations of visitors, to use the declarations against them afterward; and yet hesitates to state what he himself said on those occasions to 'draw on' such declarations as he records in an *ex parte* manner.

He attempted impeachment, at enormous cost to the State, of Judge Chase, upon charges over which the Senate laughed, and very properly rejected.

He applauded Freneau in his gross assaults upon the administration of Washington, and upon Hamilton especially, and derided the President for his anger at 'the d — d rascal.' He sympathized with Callender, who was under trial for libel on John Adams.

* In October, 1808, he wrote in regard to BURR: 'For myself, even in his most flattering periods of the conspiracy, I never entertained one moment's fear.' Why, then, his most unheard-of activity and dictation in the prosecution of BURR? Ah! it was popular to crush out the man who but a short time previously had almost seized the coveted Presidential honor from his hands — it was popular to persecute HAMILTON's murderer and to make peace with the Federalists, notwithstanding his belief that the Federalists approved of BURR's schemes of a Southern monarchy!

Yet when he himself became the subject of newspaper vituperation, he wrote: 'Nothing can now be believed which is seen in a newspaper. Truth itself becomes suspicious by its being put into that polluted vehicle.' And he argued that its suppression could do no more harm than was being done 'by abandoned prostitution to falsehood.'

Now all these and many more inconsistencies attach to Mr. Jefferson's life and character, and the biography which slurs them over, which omits to take cognizance of them, or, entertaining them, seeks by detraction of other parties to make out a case for its client, is neither truthful nor charitable, and Mr. Randall's work must, we fear, come in for this exception. The work, as a whole, is one well calculated to be regarded as not only the best biography of its subject yet written, but as one of the best historico-biographical works in English literature. It will hence take its place in every well-ordered library, and be freely consulted as 'authority' hereafter. But its strongly partisan tone, its special pleading for, or total ignoring of, the delinquencies referred to, must render it as unsafe as authority *in its conclusions*, as Mr. Abbott's partisan 'Life of Napoleon.' It remains for the future biographers of Alexander Hamilton and John Adams to correct the effect of these conclusions of the biographer of Mr. Jefferson, so far as correction may be necessary, though we are disposed to think the spirit of the work will afford the mass of readers a proper key for its interpretation when special pleading is resorted to.

We may recur to the theme of Jefferson and Hamilton in a future paper, and consider the relations which they bore to one another, to the country, and to what extent each has impressed his mind and principles upon our institutions and national character.

U N D E R T H E R O S E .

ALL the winning ways of MAUD
Poets only can disclose,
But no sweet song may I weave
On the silence of the rose.

Was she kind or half-afraid?
Were her ripe lips, pouting red,
Pressed to mine in love's long kiss?
If they were, I have not said.

Did she come adown the lane
To meet me where the daisy shows
Its white and red? If she did,
My lips are sealed beneath the rose.

But you lovers all may know
Whether MAUD was kind or shy:
Meet your own MADGE down the lane,
And find out as well as I.

T H E L I T T L E G I A N T .

DURING the winter of 1838, while stopping at the St. Charles Hotel, New-Orleans, there used to sit opposite me at table a curious little man, about thirty-five years of age, whose appearance was so striking, that it was impossible not to notice him. His most remarkable characteristics were a long, narrow head, rudely thatched with red hair; a low, ill-bred forehead, bulging out above a pair of large no-colored eyes, like a new and original species of fungus; and a huge, expansive beard, as coarse and stiff as a side of sole-leather, and of about the same color.

But despite these deformities, and a strangely sinister expression of countenance, there was that in the man's general air which caused him to be singled out at once, by every body, as what is called 'a character.' He was evidently conscious of this, and always deported himself like one who knew he was observed, and knew, also, that it was not because of his good looks.

A lady who sat next to me for some weeks, used to say that he was the most hideous-looking man she ever saw, and that she should really like to become acquainted with him. A truly feminine caprice!

The fact was, that his whole carriage indicated a self-conscious strength, which could carry off not only his bad looks, but even his negligent and eccentric apparel; for he was the worst-dressed man who ever seated himself at a respectable table, even in New-Orleans. The probability is, that he was studiously so; for I have never known a man of intelligence to dress in a slovenly manner, (when he had the means of doing otherwise,) except with a view of producing a certain vulgar effect; we have all seen examples of this inverse dandyism even in New-York, where — though this tells poorly for our sense of refinement — it will sometimes procure for a man an otherwise unattainable reputation as a man of genius. In the case in question, however, I fancied that the secret of such bad taste, was a defiant determination not to neutralize the effect of repulsive features by any of the common-place tricks of art.

I was confirmed in this opinion by the fact that, on close observation, I found that though slovenly, the man was any thing but untidy; for his hands, which were very small, were always scrupulously clean, (rather a rare occurrence at our public tables) and his linen, though sometimes buttonless, was invariably spotless.

My fair neighbor and myself used often to talk together about this strange personage, and, still oftener, to 'nudge' each other, to call attention to something in his look or manner, which was peculiar; and it is now my firm opinion that he heard every word that passed between us, and observed every sign.

One day, I asked her if he ever made his appearance in the drawing-room; she replied that he was there nearly every even-

ing. I went there myself that evening, for the first time, and he was not present. But he was there a few evenings later, when, going in late, I was fortunate in having a good opportunity to study him under a new aspect.

What I had heard meanwhile, only increased my curiosity to know more about him; and, if possible, to make his acquaintance; and now that he was before me, I resolved, if necessary, to force myself upon his notice. I found him in a retired part of the room, conversing with, or rather listening to, a garrulous old lady, whom I recognized as Madame Hibon, the widow of a Louisiana cotton-planter, and an old friend of my father.

Being tolerably well acquainted with the Madame, I resolved at once to approach her, in which case, I was certain that her notions of politeness (which I beg to observe are not mine) would lead her at once to introduce me.

I was right; for I had no sooner addressed her, than, with great formality, she presented me to him as her friend, Mr. Linton, a legal gentleman from New-England, and the son of one of her oldest correspondents — laying emphasis on the word ‘correspondents,’ as if to impress us both with the fact, that she was a woman of business. He, on the other hand, was introduced to me as Mr. Francis Corbeau, of the highly respectable firm of Thibault and Company, commission merchants, New-Orleans.

This ceremony was hardly over, when Madame Hibon exclaiming, ‘Oh! here comes one of my St. Louis correspondents,’ abruptly disappeared, and Mr. Corbeau and myself were left to entertain each other as best we might.

‘And so,’ said he, at once broaching a conversation, ‘it seems you have known Madame Hibon a long time.’

‘Yes, Sir: about five years.’

‘And are you acquainted with her niece, Miss Lolotte?’

‘I have that honor.’

‘Do n’t you think her very handsome?’

‘I do, indeed.’

‘And intelligent also?’

‘She is said to be uncommonly: what is your opinion?’

‘I have had no opportunity of judging: I have only met her four or five times, and the last time was in this room, when she cut me.’

‘Cut you! How so?’

‘I asked her to dance with me, when I knew she had no other engagement, and she declined.’

‘Courteously, I presume?’

‘No: very curtly.’

‘That surprises me, in a lady who appears so well-bred.’

‘So it did me; and not only that, but delighted me.’

‘Is it possible! I should never have forgiven her.’

‘Neither shall I.’

‘No?’

‘No: *I intend to marry her.*’

‘You are pleased to be sarcastic.’

‘Not in the least: I speak the simple truth. Good evening, Sir.’

And Mr. Corbeau, after taking a hasty glance round the room, as if in search of some one, took his abrupt departure.

The correspondent from St. Louis having been disposed of, Madame Hibon now came up to me in great haste, and asked what had become of her friend Corbeau.

‘He has just left, Madame.’

‘Indeed! he promised to stay all the evening. Did he leave a document for me — a cotton circular?’

‘No, Madame. I think he was a little irritated at not finding some one here whom he expected to meet.’

‘Do you think so?’

‘I am sure of it: he was looking for your niece.’

‘Did he tell you so?’

‘No, Madame; but, being a Yankee, I guessed as much from what he did tell me.’

‘The scamp! I am afraid he is in love with her.’

‘Why afraid? I imagined he was fortunate enough to be a favorite with you.’

‘Well, so he is; but not with my niece: she do n’t appreciate his business qualities.’

‘I do n’t wonder at it: he looks like a sharper.’

‘You mistake him, my dear Sir. He is one of the most liberal men in the world — where he takes — and also (though you would n’t think it) one of the most susceptible. Why, the moment he saw my niece — by the way, you remember her?’

‘Certainly, Madame: how I could fail to, once having seen her —’

‘Well, the moment he saw my niece, he was a changed man. Poor fellow! he could hardly attend to business for weeks; why, in settling a little account with him the other day, he made no less than three mistakes in subtraction.’

‘Indeed! that is remarkable. And what does your niece think of him?’

‘She can’t bear him: she says he is the ugliest little monster she ever saw.’

‘That’s encouraging!’

‘Well, so it is, notwithstanding your sneer. The worst thing you have to fear from a woman is her indifference.’

‘Is that so?’

‘Certainly it is. Her hate is the next best thing to her love, which a suitor can begin with. I do n’t know but it is even better than her love; for a woman’s first impressions — notwithstanding all that is said about her fine intuitions and quick perceptions — are rarely ever just, and still more rarely enduring. Not one woman in ten marries or wishes to marry her first love. The fact is, that until she is thirty or thereabout, (unless she is a woman of business) her judgment of you men is just good for nothing. If

Leila should take an instant liking for a man like Corbeau, his case would, in my opinion, be a very hopeless one. As it is, I think he has a very fair chance of success.'

'But surely, you are not on his side?'

'Why not?'

'Well, if you will excuse my saying it, he strikes me as having neither the appearance (here I straightened up a little) nor the education of a gentleman.'

'It would be hardly safe to say that to his face, Mr. Linton.'

'Why, Madame? would he call me out?'

'No, Sir: that is not his style.'

'I thought not: it would be unbusiness like. But pray, what what would he do?'

'He would ruin you.'

'Ruin me! How!'

'Every way.'

'I flatter myself, Madame, that would not be a very easy task.'

'If it were, he would not undertake it. But his resources are infinite, and if they were not, his invention would make them so. He is a man who never leaves an injury unrevenged, nor an end unattained. I have never known him to fail in any thing. He went into the house of Thibault and Company a poor boy, and resolved, from the first week, to become the managing partner, which in less than six years he was. There were several men in his way, but he — well, he disposed of them: in a word, they were all ruined.'

'You do n't mean to say that *he* ruined them.'

'Not exactly; but the fact is, one of them — the cashier for many years — was exposed as a defaulter; another was killed in a duel with Corbeau's cousin; and a third died of *delirium tremens*, etc.'

'But do you mean to say that he effected all this? If so, he must be, not a little monster, as your niece calls him, but a great monster.'

'That depends upon how you look at it. Do you ever judge your great generals in that way? Read Abbott's Napoleon, or any body's Wellington. Corbeau's theory is, that he is a man of destiny, and that every thing that interposes between him and his end, is sure to be got rid of in some way. This is what he calls Providence — an 'over-ruling Providence,' I think his term is.'

'And so you think that if I interfere with this very pious and providential young man, I shall be got rid of too?' Zounds! I've half a mind to try it, by making love at once to Miss Lolotte; by the way, there she is, as beautiful as ever.'

And at this moment, the young lady in question approached her aunt, and after saluting her French fashion, on both cheeks, (the lips being considered too sacred for common use,) was about to give a lively account of what she had seen at the opera, when Madame Hibon interrupted her by saying that she was a very naughty girl, for staying away so long, as all the young men in the

room — especially Mr. Linton and Mr. Corbeau — had been dying for her all the evening.

Here Miss Leila, turning to me, whom she had apparently observed for the first time, (a favorite but not particularly brilliant manoeuvre of young ladies,) remarked :

‘I do n’t see that Mr. Linton is quite in a dying condition, aunt ; and as for Mr. Corbeau, since he is not here, it is to be hoped he has actually died out.’

‘You are cruel, Miss Lolotte,’ I replied ; ‘but I am sure your presence would revive him as much — well, as much as it does me.’

‘You flatter, Sir. Your visit to New-Orleans has done you good. Pray, how did that New-England heart of yours get thawed out ?’

‘That is hardly a fair question for *you* to ask, Miss Lolotte.’

‘Dear me : another compliment ! how charming ! Pray, Mr. Linton, take a seat.’

Having obeyed the request, and her aunt having gone on a business-tour to the other end of the room, our conversation was resumed.

‘And so you have seen Mr. Corbeau ?’

‘Yes, Miss Lolotte.’

‘Tell me, then, what you think of him.’

‘Well, to tell you the truth, I have hardly had time to think of him at all : wait till I have seen a little more of him.’

‘Oh ! no, your judgment at this moment is the only one I would give a fig to have. I want to know how he struck you at first sight. Second impressions are worthless.’

‘That may be true, as a rule, Miss Leila ; but I think it hardly ought to be applied to a person so unprepossessing in his outward appearance as Mr. Corbeau.’

‘But do n’t you believe that external appearances are indicative of internal character, Mr. Linton ?’

‘Not always. A sinister expression of countenance, for example, is often the result of accident.’

‘And so, Mr. Linton,’ said my charming companion, after a moment’s pause ; ‘and so this is your apologetic, round-about, lawyer-like way of saying that Mr. Corbeau impressed you very unfavorably. How much easier and braver to have said at once, that he seemed to you to be a very bad man !’

‘But that would have been unfair. I do n’t think we have a right to trifle in that way with each other’s character.’

‘Well, Mr. Linton, we won’t discuss that matter just now, but I am free to say, that, in my opinion, your impressions were exactly right. I am almost *certain* that Mr. Corbeau is a bad man. But here comes a gentleman with whom I must dance, so you must excuse me. By the way, I believe my aunt intends to invite Mr. Corbeau and yourself to dine with us day after to-morrow. You will come, of course : we shall dine in her room, Number Twenty-five, at six o’clock.’

‘With the greatest pleasure, Miss Leila.’

‘Do: to save me from being bored to death by Mr. Corbeau. How glad I am he is not here, now, for my aunt made me promise to dance with him this evening, to pay for having refused to, on a former occasion.’

Here, the gentleman alluded to interposed, and led Miss Lolotte to the floor, while Madame Hibon, having finished her business-tour, approached, and repeated the invitation of her niece, which, as before, I cordially accepted.

‘You will thus,’ said she, ‘have an opportunity of seeing Mr. Corbeau again, and I want you, some day, to give me your opinion of him.’

‘I will do so, of course, Madame, if you require it; but you must keep the opinion a secret, if it should prove unfavorable; for, to tell you the truth, I have not the least desire, especially at present, (casting an eye over to Miss Leila,) to be ‘ruined.’

The next day, somewhat to my surprise, Mr. Corbeau called on me. It was immediately after breakfast, and I was seated in my room enjoying the unspeakable luxury of my first pipe, which, with me as with all confirmed tobacco-nalians, is a very serious event — what the French call a ‘solemnity.’ It was as unpleasant to me to be disturbed during this ceremony, as for a devotee to be disturbed during his morning devotions. My friends generally understood this whim, and had the good sense to respect it; for a man has as much right to his whims, if they do n’t interfere with his neighbor, as (under the same restriction) to his virtues. But Mr. Corbeau, knowing nothing of my habits, could not be blamed, and I accordingly received him with the courtesy due to a friend of Madame Hibon.

‘Pray, do n’t let me prevent your smoking,’ said he, as I was about laying aside my pipe.

‘I feared it might be disagreeable to you; but perhaps you smoke yourself?’

‘Never,’ said he; ‘but then nothing is disagreeable to me.’

‘Nothing?’

‘Nothing that a gentleman can do.’

‘Have n’t you even the common prejudice against pipes?’

‘Not at all: I have no prejudices.’

‘None?’

‘Well, one, perhaps.’

‘And, pray, what may that be?’

‘A prejudice against prejudices.’

‘Excuse me, but from a remark I once heard you make, I inferred that you had a prejudice, and a very strong one, too, against New-Englanders — Puritans, as you unjustly called us.’

‘Dear me, no. I should n’t like to be one myself, if you will excuse me for saying so; but then, I should n’t like to be different in any respect from what I am.’

I was tempted to ask the man if he would n’t like to be a little taller; but he detected my thought (what a splendid ‘Detective’ he would have made!) in an instant, and said:

'You are thinking, perhaps, that I would like to add an inch or two to my stature. If so, you are mistaken, and I do n't think my case a peculiar one. I do n't believe, in fact, that with all our grumbling, there is a man in the world who would like to change his physical, or even his moral conformation in the least. Now, as for you New-Englanders, you are certainly a curious, notional kind of people, full of bigotry and pride, though not (he condescendingly added) without some virtues, and looking upon every body not born in one of your six (I think there are six) little States, as persons eminently to be pitied. Now, I do n't object to this at all, but only state the matter as it strikes me. I recognize every man's right to his opinions, and even to his 'isms,' and I call you Northerners, if you will excuse the pun, regular *Isms*-alites. But I did n't call upon you, Mr. Linton, to discuss disagreeable topics, but merely to ask the pleasure of your more intimate acquaintance. I am not a man who seeks companions, as a rule, nor have I ever been accused of flattery; but the fact is, there is something about you which pleased me from the moment I first saw you at table, and I said to myself this morning: 'I will call upon Mr. Linton at once, and see if we cannot become friends.'

After such a speech, how could I do otherwise than make myself as agreeable as possible? Accordingly, I gave myself up to the feeling of the moment, and we chatted together on the most friendly terms for over two hours, during which time, as I have had occasion to remember, he wormed out of me my opinion on every subject and person alluded to, while, though this did not occur to me till he had gone, I was no wiser as to *his* opinions than before. On the whole, however, I found his society agreeable, and resolved to cultivate it. I felt that, for the first time in my life, I had met a man who appreciated me. And it is so delightful to be appreciated! He had listened to every word I uttered, as though I were an oracle, and yet had deported himself toward me all the while as a superior, which, in fact, he was. Still, I had my doubts in respect to the man. There was a subtlety about him which embarrassed me beyond measure.

But what struck me particularly, was his geniality of manner as compared with what I had observed in him before. And somehow, this did n't affect me agreeably; it did n't seem to be natural to him. In fact, I almost said as much, and intimated a suspicion I had that he was playing a part.

'Well, suppose I am,' was his characteristic reply, 'would there be any thing wrong in that?'

'Well, no: I should hardly say it would be wrong; but if you will excuse my frankness, it would certainly be small.'

'Small! how so? are we not all acting parts? Do you not act one every time you have a new client, (I thought to myself, that if this were all, I should never make a very good actor,) and every time you enter a new drawing-room? Are not all the conventionalities of life a species of acting? It strikes me they are; and if sometimes I appear rude, unsocial — discourteous, if you please — it is

because, for the moment, I do n't choose to be a conventionalist. But do not mistake me. If I am any more sociable than usual to-day, it is because you are the only person I have met with for months, with whom I cared to converse. In fact, you exercise a certain power over me, which I find it impossible to resist, even (as is not the case) if I had the inclination to.'

'Indeed!' I exclaimed, feeling very much flattered at the idea of exercising any influence over such a genius; 'and how can you explain it?'

'Well, Sir, I can't explain it at all. Nothing can be explained in this world which is worth explaining. And of all mysteries, the most subtle and inexplicable, is that of human affinities. Your character, one would say, is as opposite to mine, in every respect, as can be conceived; and yet there is a magic about it, to me, which is as charming as if I had just been endowed with a new sense.'

In reply to this fascinating compliment, which was delivered with great appearance of sincerity, I had to acknowledge something of the same feeling toward himself. And so we went on, a long time, in a strain which, over-heard by a third person, would have led him to think (and perhaps he would not have been far out of the way) that we were two as conceited young coxcombs as could be found in the country. My new friend discovered in me, and I in turn discovered in him, the most marvellous qualities of mind; and what time we were not dwelling upon them, and complimenting one another upon them, we were wondering at the stupidity of the world in general.

A sense of the ludicrousness of all this came over me, now and then; but a hurried word from Corbeau restored me at once to my self-conceit; and when we finally separated, I own up that it was with the feeling that we were two of the most brilliant geniuses of the age. A stupid delusion, without doubt, but one which was far from being disagreeable.

The next day, as I was preparing to go to Madame Hibon's, I wondered what she and her niece would think of our sudden intimacy, for we had agreed to go together, and they would see in an instant that we were on the most familiar terms. Moreover, after a night's reflection, the new state of things embarrassed me. I felt that I had gone too fast and too far; in a word, that I had yielded my confidence too suddenly. It seemed to me just possible, too, when I reviewed all the circumstances, that I had been caught in a trap; and that, so far from caring any thing about me, Corbeau's only object in courting my society, might have been to use me in his designs upon Miss Lolotte. He knew that she had a high opinion of me, and that if she saw I had formed a favorable opinion of him, it would be a strong argument on his side. In fact, it looked as if he had retained me, unconsciously to myself, as his special counsel. I then began to feel, more than ever, that I had been out-witted; and when he called, at the appointed hour, I was sure that he saw all this in an instant, and felt that my friendship for him was of far too sudden a growth to last.

On arriving at Madame Hibon's, however, the ladies received us very graciously, and if they were surprised to see us together, they had the politeness not to let us know it. The usual civilities over, Miss Lolotte commenced upbraiding me with mock severity for not calling oftener, and then invited me to take a seat with her near the window, that her aunt, as she said, might have one of her famous business conferences with Mr. Corbeau; whereupon that gentleman, not at all disconcerted at this quiet way of disposing of him, said that he was always pleased to converse with Madame Hibon, on any subject, and then retreated with that very business-like lady, to another part of the room, and left her niece and myself to our *tête-à-tête*.

I was hoping that Miss Leila's first allusion would be to Mr. Corbeau, for at this moment he was the only subject about which I felt disposed to talk. But in this I was disappointed, for during a conversation of half-an-hour, she not only made no reference to him, but skilfully avoided every topic in which he might in any way be involved. Meantime I never caught him looking once in our direction; and when dinner was announced, he offered his arm to Madame Hibon, and without so much as glancing at Miss Leila, left that young lady to be escorted to the dining-room by me. Matters were so arranged, however, that he was seated face to face with her, while I was placed opposite her aunt, an awkward arrangement, but one which naturally suggested itself.

The dinner was as good as could be expected at a hotel; and on the whole, we had a merry time of it. Miss Lolotte had got her Creole blood up, and was resolved not to be out-witted by Mr. Corbeau; while as for the Madame and myself, we amused ourselves watching their manœuvres. To our great delight, before we had come to the second course, and so on to the end of the repast, the sprightly combatants were engaged in a series of lively repartees, in which, with consummate skill, Corbeau, apparently doing his best, succeeded always — in coming off the worst. I fancy that she herself had a suspicion that he had been trifling with her, for on retiring to the drawing-room, it was evident to me, as I watched the play of her countenance, that she had a kind of fear for him bordering on respect. He was too strong for her, while there was that in his audacity calculated to over-awe, if not to overcome, any woman. And this was all he wanted. I saw as much by a certain wicked expression of his eye, which seemed to say: 'I have her completely in my power; and now, gentlemen rivals, come on and do your best.'

After spending a tedious evening in that dullest of all amusements, long-whist, which Madame Hibon insisted should be played throughout according to Hoyle, any other method being unbusiness-like, Corbeau and myself adjourned to my room, and passed most of the night drinking and gossiping. To my surprise, I found him very anxious, apparently, to know what I thought of Miss Lolotte's conversational powers.

‘Do n’t you think,’ said he, ‘that she was very smart at dinner?’

‘I certainly do; in fact, you seemed to have had rather the worst of it all the while.’

‘I am glad you think so, for such was my intention. It is a strict rule of mine never to humiliate a lady.’

‘You mean in conversation,’ I said, perceiving, now that it was not so much my opinion of Miss Lolotte he wanted, as an opportunity to develop some favorite theory.

‘Exactly. It does them so much good now and then to be recognized as reasoning beings that I am disposed to indulge them, especially when I have an object to gain. Did n’t you see what a triumph it was to Miss Lolotte this evening to be considered by her aunt and yourself, as having got the better of me? I would n’t have robbed her of that pleasure for the world; for it makes her think better of me and better of herself—two great things. Another such a triumph and she will begin to love me: for nothing elates a young woman like being considered intellectual, especially when she is n’t so. Don’t you remember when phrenology first came in vogue, how many women used to comb the hair back from the forehead, so as to show their bumps of ‘causality,’ ‘comparison,’ or what not? I do, and it gave me a good deal of fun.’

‘You are severe, Mr. Corbeau.’

‘Not at all. We all aim to be, or rather, to *seem* different from what we are. And since the world requires it of us, why not? What harm is there in it?’

‘The harm of insincerity.’

‘I don’t see that. We are sincere enough, but our sincerity consists in a sincere desire to pass with other equally sincere persons in the same fix, for something else besides what we really are. There is no deception in this, for every body understands it. By general consent, we all go disguised. The merchant has his mask; the lawyer his; the minister his; the woman, of every condition, hers. Life, in fact, is nothing but a great masquerade; that is the beauty of it. Were it otherwise, there would be no mystery in human intercourse, and the whole charm of society would be gone. Do you suppose that Miss Lolotte has ever seen me? or that I have ever seen her? Not once; nor shall we ever, unless—well, unless we marry each other; and then the masks will be dropped as being no longer of use, and the whole romance and poetry of our lives will be swallowed up in that prosy *égoïsme à deux* which we call matrimony.

And we continued philosophizing in this dreary style, or rather Corbeau philosophizing and I drinking, till broad day-light, when with many protestations of friendship, (not at all weaker for the potations of the evening,) we separated, having first, however, tossed off a final bumper to the ‘Health of Leila Lolotte!’

The next day, and the next, and in fact nearly every day for a fortnight, I called upon Madame Hibon, and found myself at last (I can find no other word to express it) furiously in love with her niece, who, at any rate, was not very furiously in love with Mr.

Corbeau. Meanwhile my position toward that inexplicable person was a very embarrassing one, for I spent a good deal of time in his society, and we were generally looked upon as intimate friends. More than once I had been warned against him, but my reply had uniformly been, that doubtless he had his deficiencies of character, his bad traits as well as his good ones, but then that every body had, and in this wicked world I had learned to take people as I found them, and make the best of it.

Now I admit this was rather a damaging defence of my new friend, but it was the best I could offer. Moreover, I must confess that when speaking of him to Leila, my tone was somewhat different; but this was natural, if not unavoidable.

Another difficulty in my position was, that I had become to some extent the legal adviser of Madame Hibon, and had several times had the misfortune to differ from Corbeau — who was her business adviser and agent — in opinion, and my advice was sometimes though not often preferred. Things had been going on between us in this equivocal way for some weeks, before he had the least idea of our relative positions. But one day it seems he had over-heard a conversation between Madame Hibon and myself, in which, though no direct allusion was made to him, I had advised her, in a certain important business matter in which Miss Leila's interests were involved, to adopt a course exactly opposite that which he had recommended as absolutely necessary. Reference was also made to previous opinions I had given her; and at the close of our interview she had urged upon me the importance of not mentioning the matter to him.

We were neither of us aware for some time that we had been over-heard, and should never have discovered it, perhaps, had not Corbeau in a moment of excitement let the secret out in his next interview with her, on which occasion Leila was present, and warmly took my part.

As soon as I had heard of this circumstance, I felt that the friendship between Mr. Corbeau and myself was at an end. But not so. Though he had discovered that I was in a double sense his rival, and had heard both from Madame Hibon and her niece the most flattering statements (doubtless much over-colored) as to my character and ability, he continued, nevertheless, to court my society and to make me all kinds of proffers of service.

And now comes an incident which, though trifling in itself, was the one which did more than all others to determine both his fate and mine.

A week or so after he had discovered my relations to Madame Hibon and her niece, he came to my room, with his face beaming with joy, and gave me some information respecting a client of mine in New-York, by which — as it turned out before night — I saved several thousand dollars. Now, as a curious coincidence, Leila had that very day warned me to be on the look-out for him, lest he should spring some trap upon me and cause my ruin; for she was as firm as her aunt in the belief that he could 'ruin' any

body he pleased, from the President down. As an act of justice to my friend, therefore, I hastened to Madame Hibon's in the evening to communicate my good fortune and to rally her niece about her 'instincts,' 'presentiments,' etc., all of which had told her that Corbeau was now my deadly enemy.

Judge of my surprise to find that the news made so deep an impression upon her that in a few moments she made some vague excuse for leaving the room, and did not return.

In a moment the whole truth flashed upon me. Leila's noble sensitive nature had been shocked by the consciousness of her in justice to Corbeau, and she had suddenly resolved to make ample reparation. This was in keeping with her whole character.

Of course I was not so blind but I saw that this was a great triumph for him; nor so dull as not then to see that it was in a manner pre-calculated, and that he would make a masterly use of it. It was a favorite saying of his, that he liked to be abused, because it gave a man the only decent excuse he could ever have for speaking a word in his own favor.

And the word was soon spoken.

Indeed from that day he commenced a series of personal attentions to Miss Lolotte — starting from his new vantage-ground; which attentions she at least did not discourage. She danced with him at parties, went with him to theatres, rode out with him, and in fact, rushing to extremes, as she did in every thing, made more than thousand-fold amends for her past distrust.

Seeing this, I became disgusted, and resolved to retire from a field in which my prospects, never perhaps very brilliant, seemed now to be completely 'ruined.'

Matters rested in this way about a month, during which time I had lived in almost absolute seclusion, when I suddenly decided to return North. I then called upon Madame Hibon to 'make my adieus.' The old lady was alone, her niece, as she said, being indisposed. I expressed my regret at this, as I had come to bid them good-by.

'Good-by?' said she, getting quite excited; 'but pray where are you going?'

'To Boston, Madame.'

'But are you not going to stop to the wedding?'

'The wedding?' I exclaimed, losing at once all my self-possession; 'whose wedding?'

'Why Leila's, to be sure. Have n't you heard of her engagement?'

'Me? why, no, indeed. But — but — to whom is she engaged?'

'Why, to Mr. Corbeau, to be sure; whom did you think?'

'Really, Madame, I had n't the least idea; but (and here I made a great effort to appear cool) do pray tell me all about it.'

'Ah!' said she, looking uncommonly grave, 'it is such a long story.'

'And you speak of it as if it were a *sad* one,' said I, quite

alarmed, and then added gayly, 'it strikes me, however, it must be a very sentimental one.'

'I should hope not; if there is any thing in this world I hate, it is a sentimental match. Leila's is one based on simple prudence and common-sense.'

'A regular business operation.'

'Exactly. But tell me, has n't Mr. Corbeau told you about our affairs?'

'Not a syllable, Madame; I have hardly seen him for a fortnight.'

'Well then, in a word, he made a formal proposal to me for the hand of my niece about ten days ago, stating that unless the proposal was accepted he should resign his position as my agent, and spend the next three years travelling in Europe. Now, on examining into my accounts, which he rendered at the same time, I found them in such a complicated condition, that without his aid it was impossible for me to go on with my business. To be brief, I represented these facts to Leila, who, after three days' consideration, decided ——'

'To become Madame Corbeau!'

'Precisely.'

'And pray, when is the ceremony to take place?'

'The day is not fixed, but it will be some time within a month, that is, if nothing happen to prevent.'

I found on making further inquiries, that Corbeau, like Madame Hibon, looked at the whole thing as a mere matter of business, and that so far from persecuting Leila with his addresses since the engagement, he was assiduously non-attentive to her. And this line of conduct seemed to please all parties. Indeed, Leila had once said that if Corbeau (she never called him Francis) only proved to be as considerate as a husband as he had been as a lover, she should have nothing to complain of; for if there was any thing in this world which she dreaded more than another, it was being bored.

Just before leaving Madame Hibon, she asked me, in an apparently unconcerned way, whether I would n't stay in New-Orleans and attend her niece's wedding; to which I promptly replied, having suddenly changed my resolution: 'I shall be there, if I am alive.'

The next day, to my great astonishment, I received a curious note from Madame Hibon, to the effect that at the particular request of her niece, she wished me to examine and audit the accounts of Mr. Corbeau, which, without further ceremony, she took the liberty of forwarding to me. The same day I received another note, by post, from Miss Lolotte herself, saying that she had just had a communication from one Mr. Thompson, formerly cashier to Thibault and Company, and who had been dismissed from their employ some fifteen years before as a defaulter, warning her against Mr. Corbeau as a dishonest man. She placed no faith in

the statement, but had advised her aunt to consult with me about it. She begged, also, to send me Mr. Thompson's address.

Any attempt to describe my state of mind at the receipt of these documents would be futile.

In less than an hour Mr. Thompson, whom I found to be engaged in the business of general accountant, was in my office, and we were busily engaged examining with terrible scrutiny, the long and complicated account of Madame Hibon with Mr. Corbeau for a period of over five years. But before commencing our work, the old accountant (for he was a man over sixty years of age) had told me, with tears in his eyes, the story of his disgrace, saying that it was owing to the perfidy of Corbeau, who had effected it by falsifying the books of the firm in so injurious a manner that he (Thompson) had found it impossible at the time to detect the fraud, though he was sure if Mr. Thibault would give him the chance, he would do so now. I promised him that I would do my best to serve him, and that if any dishonesty was detected in the accounts then before us, he should have a chance to justify himself before the house of Thibault and Company, and Corbeau should be either sent to prison or driven from the country.

We then proceeded actively with our work, and at last had decided, after the more patient and thorough examination, to report that all was correct, when it suddenly occurred to Thompson, as if by inspiration, to examine into the authenticity of the 'vouchers.' This, alas! — I say alas! though it was with a certain secret and almost hideous delight, which no human heart will fail to understand — proved to be a fatal examination. False vouchers were found to the extent of over thirty thousand dollars!

And now, why prolong a story, the sequel of which the reader, always so sagacious, has already anticipated?

The good old accountant turned out to be right; the knavish Corbeau was exposed; his match with Miss Lolotte was broken off; that lady now rejoices in the name of Mrs. Linton. Madame Hibon has finished her business in this world; the firm of Thibault and Company is changed to 'Thibault and Thompson;' and the late 'junior partner,' instead of allowing himself to be sent to prison, or driven out of the country, turned politician, and is now a thriving government officer in San Francisco, and occupies a prominent place in the books of the Vigilance Committee as Corbeau, *alias* Corbett, *alias* Callcott, 'The Little Giant.'

FROM THE PERSIAN.

THE end of night
Is morn in fulgent dress :
And of unhappiness,
The end is happiness.

'HALLO! MY FANCY, WHITHER WILT THOU GO?'

SWIFT as the tide in the river
The blood flows through my heart,
At the curious little fancy
That to-morrow we must part.

It seems to me all over,
The last words have been said;
And I have the curious fancy
To-morrow will find me dead!

HUNTING THE HINDS OF HIJAZ.

Who has not heard of the Turkish Rear-Admiral that recently visited a country where every man is supposed to be equal to a pacha? I must confess I was a little surprised, not at his being feasted by aldermen on ham-sandwiches, eaten out of hand, for does not the prophet say, 'Verily, the fires of hell shall roar like the lowings of a camel in the bellies of such as use vessels of gold and silver!' and every body knows that our aldermen do not reject the prophets. Nor was I surprised that a pacha should even sojourn for a time among the infidels whom the devil has so assisted in multiplying cunning inventions to disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and bring discord into the universe. Do you think that the Pacha loves the *feringees* — who will build the tallest ships for the Sultan when they feel sure of the piastres? When, at the opera of the '*Huguenots*,' his Highness saw Catholics slaying Protestants, did he not say that 'Allah is Allah, and Mohammed his Prophet,' and inwardly thank God for bringing about a state of things for the benefit of his cause, wherein one kind of infidel ship-building dog is fast killing off another kind, so that the Mussulmen may soon expect to see the entire race of unbelievers exterminated?

The only wonder was, that even a Turkish Rear-Admiral should have found his way so far from Mecca, for when I was in Turkey they told marvellous stories about whole crews of Mussulmen being overcome by sea-sickness. I heard of a Turkish commander who was directed to visit Malta on important business. After beating about in the Mediterranean for six months, he returned and reported to the Capudan Pacha that he could not find the island.

You will see by this, that even pachas do not take very enthusiastic views of the countries they may visit — the countries I mean that are not governed by the Sultan. Why, therefore, when

we give our impressions of the East, should we rouse a whole caravan of glowing thoughts, and fairly break down the fast horses of invention?

In Grand Cairo I had the pleasure of dining one day with Mr. Herschel, brother of the great astronomer, and Dr. Abbot of the famous Egyptian collection. The conversation ran upon this notable proclivity of Eastern travellers. Lamartine was mentioned as an instance, who set a guard in the valley of Jordan to keep off lions. Mr. Herschel said he had not long previously spent an hour with Lamartine, and remarked to him that although he had visited Palestine and Syria, he could not see those famous countries as the poet himself had seen and described them.

'Ah!' said Lamartine, 'Vous n'avez pas d'enthousiasm.'

But what is a traveller worth without enthusiasm, I should like to know?

It was on this occasion that Dr. Abbot related how he had made the wonderful collection which reproduces in our midst the marvels of Egypt. At first his curiosities filled but a single window, then a second, and finally all the windows of his house would not contain them. The fame of the Hakeem as a knower and buyer of antiquities filled the land of Egypt; and even while we were at table a dark-eyed son of the desert came in to sell what proved to be a cane-head of one of the priests of Isis. One need no longer go to Egypt to see Egypt, or to Greece to see the Parthenon. The glories of El Kair, of Athens, and of Rome, are exhibited for money in the capitals of other civilizations. Jenkins spends a thousand or two, and makes himself sea-sick, to visit the Pyramids. If they stood on Long Island, he would take stock in the Pyramid Stone-quarry.

It was under these circumstances that I visited Athens and spent several days with our venerable missionary there. I had heard of the little boy in Berkshire county, I think, who had read his Bible through at six years of age, and grown up to be one of those three great missionary pioneers in restoring Christianity and civilization to the East: I mean Drs. King, Smith, and Scudder. I mentioned to Dr. King this incident of his early life. He said that when young he had heard of a boy in a neighboring county who had accomplished the same thing at the age of five years. This was William C. Bryant, who had visited Greece shortly before I was there.

What stores of learning are collected by our missionaries in the East! There are men among them with whom in point of philological knowledge the Learned Blacksmith is not to be compared. I forget how many different languages I have heard Dr. King speak in carrying on the conversation of a single evening. He mentioned that he had once spent an hour with Mezzofanti, the celebrated librarian of Florence, who never in his life travelled beyond the borders of Italy. The Doctor conversed with him in several of the modern European as well as in the Oriental languages, and found him as much at home in each as if he had

spent years in its particular acquisition. When his guest was about to depart, the many-tongued Italian composed a verse in English as a memento of the interview.

I hope the Doctor, who has lived a quarter of a century in sight of Hymettus and Pentelicus, without ever ascending either, has by this time forgiven me for ascending both of them without guide or guard, a somewhat perilous feat in the then unsettled state of the country. The snow was a foot deep on the summit of the latter mountain, although I collected a bouquet of flowers on the plain of Attica at its base. Lady Franklin had made the ascent of Hymettus a short time previous entirely alone; and my host mentioned a Philadelphian lady who had ridden from Athens to the Cape of Sunium and back again the same day in time for tea in the evening.

It was at the Cadi's court that I first heard of Hafiz, our dragoman. While conversing one day with the Coptic interpreters of the court upon the frequency of apostasy from their sect to Islamism, the popular creed of the country, one of them said to me: 'Heaven forbid that I should ever desert my LORD and MASTER; I would have my head cut off first; but there is Hafiz: the accursed rascal has left us and become a Mussulman. It was this convert who afterward opened and shut the doors of knowledge for me in Egypt, his only fault being a slight tendency to Oriental exaggeration. Hafiz was, moreover, particularly careful that I should not be cheated except by his personal friends. But why should I saddle the camels of eulogium? Yet I would almost give the pupils of my two eyes to look upon him again, and 'Moon of Darkness' (I forget his Arabic name) who served us — a Nubian with a lip nearly half as large as himself.

'Are you married, Hafiz?' I inquired, as we were being donkeyed one morning to the pyramids of Ghizeh.

'Married? The light of my countenance rests upon two wives; and I shall have two more as soon as I can support them.'

'You are of about my own age, O incomparable dragoman! I hardly know what I should do with one wife, saying nothing of four.'

'*Mashalla!* When I was a Christian I had but one wife. Her little finger was worth more than all the other women of Cairo together. She died; *Allah kerim!* (God is merciful.) I became a Mussulman, knowing that it would give me a higher position, and increase my income; and now I am equally fond of my two wives.'

'What, O Hafiz! are the comparative merits of the Moslem and Coptic women with respect to beauty?'

'The Christian women of Cairo are the pearl of infidels, but, by the head of the Prophet! one Mussulman maiden is worth more than seven of the most beautiful daughters of the unbelievers.'

'As a good Mussulman, do you believe that women will be admitted to the joys of heaven?'

'*Inshalla!* (Please God.) Our prophet hath promised them the eternal beatitude of Paradise on condition that they marry.'

‘What, then, O lover of women! becomes of widows and such as remain single from inclination or other reasons?’

‘By the law of the Koran they live in a state of continual transgression; but’—and Hafiz turned toward Mecca to repeat an orison for those erring mortals—‘*Allah akbar!* (God is good,) and by His mercy they *may* at last be saved.’

‘Granting that women have souls, do you permit them to worship in your mosques?’

‘They assemble with us only on certain occasions. The prophet commands them to pray diligently at home, as their presence at places of worship would disturb the pious meditations of the faithful, and inspire a different kind of devotion from that to Allah.’

‘But, Hafiz, are there not many among you who have but one wife?’

‘People of the middling class usually take but a single wife. The very rich and the very poor have from two to seven.’

‘Then you can get an idea of the poor man’s poverty and the rich man’s wealth, from the number of his wives; as, in America, we judge of a family’s wealth from the number of its servants; of its poverty from the number of children and dogs!’

‘*Mashalla!* (God preserve us!) You Americans are a wonderful people. With the children of the Prophet the wealthy have many wives, because they have the means to support them; the indigent also take many, for the reason that their wives can support themselves.’

I could not help telling him of a ruse that had been practised upon me only a few days previous while visiting the tombs of the Mamelukes. A group of fair-armed girls met us, and as frequently happens, held out their hands for a present from the *howadji*. To the one who promised most in beauty, judging from a pair of soft and liquid eyes, I offered liberal *backsheesh* if she would show me her entire face. She looked at the shining piastres, and turning from me, arranged her veil so as to show me one side of her face, and then laughingly exhibited, in the same way, the other. I gave her the piastres of course. How could I refuse? But in Egypt it is customary to scald kids. Ah! said Hafiz, you are not the first one who has pursued the Hinds of Hijaz, and himself been caught.

Alas! for the all-concealing veil! Were not the sun and the stars, O reader! made to light up the heavens, and the faces of beauty to illuminate the earth? Among the women of the East I felt as if I was sailing upon an ocean of wealth, yet always dying of thirst; but after all, the ways of that ocean were very pleasant.

In the shady gardens of Uzbekieh you ramble in the youth of a night so beautiful that the glories of seven nights seem crowded into one. The Milky Way appears like two rivers of light pouring down the amber sky. The Pleiads look as dark-eyed maidens dancing in the green woods, and the polar stars are borne round

even as the wine-cups were borne at the purple feasts of the gods. As the evening breeze floats along with the last song of the birds and the murmur of Old Nilus, it touches the whispering leaves, and touches you softly as with the hand of love, and writes lines of liquid poetry on the pool of Uzbekieh.

But what are all these when you have met that pair of eyes flitting past under the acacia tree, which are as certainly the most lovely eyes in the world, as that El Kair is the glory of all cities? Your imagination at once embarks in the contemplation of unseen charms, and you are drowned in the ocean of supposed beauty. Night dwells in the ringlets which you believe the breath of air sportively throws against soft cheeks, only to be repelled by the glances of her eyes. Surely her teeth are white anthesis-flowers, and her lips, which you suppose to be avid of words and other things, do they not so resemble opening rose-buds, that you would kiss them to dispel all doubts?

My friend, it is not pleasant to dismount the horsemen of eloquence, but it is your misfortune that it does not rain in Egypt, a wet skin and youthful enthusiasm being incompatibles. That rolling bundle of clothes under the acacia-tree contains not the blushing Azza of sixteen, but the wrinkles and frowns of seventy winters. Hector blowing his nose, is not the only ridiculous sight in the world.

The ascent of the great pyramid repaid months of weary travel. On the summit of Cheops I first realized the extent of those stupendous masses which almost defy the wasting hand of time. Before me was the valley of the 'sacred river,' winding, like an immense green serpent, between mountain chains at the south, and at the north expanding into the Delta. But what rendered the scene unique and incomparably grand, was the desert, stretching away on either hand farther than the eye could reach, as solitary, infinite, and incomprehensible as the ocean itself — the desert, whose storms and waves of moving sand have destroyed armies and innumerable caravans, depopulated immense regions, and turned the course of mighty rivers, for those billows of moving earth respect only the places they cannot reach. The oases, scattered here and there, like the islands of an ocean, owe their existence either to an elevated position or to a girdle of mountains.

On the north-east horizon dimly rose the obelisk of Heliopolis, raised by Sesortasan more than four thousand years ago, while to the left of the pyramids of Dashoor and Sakkara, built by kings whose uncertain names were unknown for two thousand years, were the mounds of Memphis and forests of palm-trees growing from the alluvial deposit, that for more than twenty centuries has been annually accumulating over her temples and palaces and halls of learning. Now the eye swept over the mosques and gardens of Cairo; now drank in the soft charm of waving palms and of gray hamlets half-buried in the sea of verdure along the rushing waters of the Nile; and then, leaving the busy haunts of men,

rested, at my feet, upon 'the countless sepulchres of above a hundred generations of departed life.'

After dispatching an excellent meal, provided by Hafiz, part of our company explored the interior of the great pyramid. More remarkable than the chambers and passages is the well, whose construction must have had some mysterious connection with the Nile, as being in all one hundred and ninety feet deep, its bottom is nearly on a level with the surface of the river. It is between two and three feet in diameter, and the explorer, lowered down by means of a long rope, passes through two or more chambers in the irregular descent. The Arabs are afraid to go down, on account of the genii supposed to inhabit the mysterious chambers.

Massoudi, an Arabic author, relates the following marvellous story in the '*Akbar-Ezzeman*':

'Twenty men of the Fayoom wished to examine the great pyramid. One of them was lowered down the well by means of a rope, which broke at the depth of one hundred and fifty cubits, and the man fell to the bottom. He was three hours in falling. His companions heard horrible cries, and in the evening they went out of the pyramid and sat down by it to talk over the matter. The man who was lost in the well suddenly appeared before them out of the earth, and uttered these exclamations, 'Sak! Saka!' which they did not understand. He then fell down dead, and was carried away by his friends. The above words were translated by a man of Saïd, as follows: 'He who meddles with and covets what does not belong to him, is unjust.'

Dr. King, of Athens, once related to me a startling adventure of his friend, Mr. Fisk, in the well of the pyramid of Cheops. This daring traveller, whose ashes rest on Mount Sion, was lowered down by several Arabs. After he had descended a great distance his taper went out, leaving him in Egyptian darkness. The Arabs also, by some mistake, suddenly checked his descent, and held him suspended — he knew not how far from the bottom. They could not hear his shouts to lower or draw in the rope. Fortunately, the walls were less than three feet apart, and by firmly bracing his arms and shoulders against one side and his legs against the other, he managed to descend slowly, yet fearful every moment of plunging into the dark abyss beneath. In this manner he crept down carefully between six and seven feet, and unexpectedly found himself at the bottom of the well, which indeed his feet had almost touched while he was dangling at the end of the rope. The feelings experienced while suspended in this manner Mr. Fisk himself declared were terrible beyond description.

We were just leaving the well, when I heard a distant voice shouting at the opening of the pyramid: 'He's dying! he's dying! Where is the doctor?' Being the only physician in the company, I ordered Hafiz to precede me with the taper, and we scrambled hastily up the narrow passage on our hands and knees. A square piece of the blue heavens presently became visible. I emerged into the open air, reeking with dust and perspiration,

and was hastily conducted by the Arabs to the north-west corner of the pyramid. There, stretched upon the sand, at a distance of twenty-five feet from the base of the pyramid, lay a naked Arab boy, with blood gushing from his mouth, nose, and several severe flesh-wounds. Though unable to speak, he was not entirely insensible. The flow of blood was quickly staunched. Having left my pocket-case of instruments behind, I inquired among the gentlemen for a needle and thread, but to no purpose.

‘These Bedouins are their own tailors,’ said one, and searching among them he soon found what I desired. The crowd of Arabs looked on in mute astonishment while I set the broken arm, using for splints pieces of the date-palm baskets, in which Hafiz had brought the provisions and claret for our dinner from Cairo.

The operation finished, I first learned the cause of the terrible accident to the boy. While part of the company were exploring the interior chambers with myself, those remaining outside had amused themselves in various ways. Yielding to the importunities of the Arab boys, they offered a small wager to the one who should ascend to the summit of the great pyramid and descend again to the earth in the shortest time. Four Arab youths stripped themselves for the race, and skipped up the rocky hill with the agility of the chamois. They all reached the summit at the same moment, and turned to descend. At such an immense height they looked like pigmies, yet leaped down from strata to strata with marvellous celerity. One of them gained a few feet upon his companions. He had made about one-third of the descent when his foot slipped, and he came bounding down the dizzy height, now rolled into a ball, then with legs and arms extended, and striking upon the sharp angular rocks every ten or fifteen feet, until he lay stretched out upon the sand where I found him at so considerable a distance from the base of the pyramid. He must have fallen more than four hundred feet, and nothing but Bedouin toughness could have prevented his being dashed into pieces.

Captain Adams, of the Japan expedition, who witnessed the accident, declared to me that his eyes were riveted to the spot, and that the sight was the most dreadful he had ever beheld. A friend offered to have the boy taken to the Cairo hospital at his own expense, but the Arabs of the desert, detesting nothing so much as the roof of a house, would not listen to the humane proposal, and carried him to a neighboring village.

The sufferer began to recover at once, and even on the following day could hardly be restrained from hurtful food. Before we left Cairo, a contribution was made up for the boy and his almond-eyed mother, or, as Hafiz piously expressed it, ‘for the pleasure of Allah.’

THE GIFT OF LOVE.

'Give me,' I said, 'that ring,
Which on thy taper finger gleams;
Sweet thoughts to me 'twill bring,
When summer sunset's beams
Have faded o'er the western sea,
And left me dreaming, love, of thee!'

'Oh! no!' the maiden cried;
'This shining ring is bright, but cold:
That bond is loosely tied
Which must be clasped with gold!
The ring would soon forgotten be:
Some better gift I'll give to thee!'

'Then give me that red rose,'
Said I, 'which on thy bosom heaves,
In ecstasied repose,
And droops its blushing leaves:
If thou wouldst have me think of thee,
Fair maiden, give the rose to me!'

'Oh! no,' she softly said,
'I will not give thee any flower:
This rose will surely fade;
It passes with the hour:
A faded rose can never be
An emblem of my love for thee!'

'Then give me but thy word —
A vow of love — 't were better yet,'
I cried: 'who once has heard
Such vows, can ne'er forget!
If thou wilt give this pledge to me,
Nor ring nor rose I'll ask of thee!'

'Oh! no,' she said again;
'For spoken vows are empty breath,
Whose memory is vain
When passion perisheth:
If e'er I lose my love for thee,
My vows must all forgotten be!'

'Then what,' I asked, 'wilt thou,
O dearest! to thy lover give?
Nor ring nor rose nor vow
May I from thee receive;
And yet, some symbol should there be
To typify thy love for me!'

Then dropped her silvery voice
Unto a whisper soft and low:
'Here, take this gift — my choice —
The sweetest love can know!'
She raised her head all lovingly,
And smiling, gave — a kiss to me!

T I M E - K E E P I N G : *

WATCH-MAKING AND AMERICAN WATCHES.

TIME, the subtlest marvel of the universe! — Time, the builder, the destroyer, the consoler, an illimitable ocean of eternities! Who can fix its beginning or mark its periods? The measureless harmonies of the material universe; the rapid wheeling of countless orbs in the broad fields of space; the erratic flight of comets; the unspent operation of the forces of Nature, exhibited at all points in the created universe, fall within Time's inflexible periods and cycles.

What inconceivable disasters would result, even from a momentary delay on the part of the earth to move within its allotted periods! All motion arrested for a single moment of time, and the organic universe would return to chaos.

Yet man has no natural sense of time, which has developed the sciences, the arts, and the whole history of human action. He commences his being unconscious of the hurrying moments. Watchless as well as garmentless he comes into the world, and the hours and minutes are not marked on the great dial of the sky. He has had to invent the very necessity of having them marked at all.*

Not till after thousands of years of timing by guess, and other thousands of rude measurements by the flow of sand or water, or the movement of a shadow, did the race at last provide itself with miniature stationary or portable solar systems — machines substantially isochronous with the sun — which show to a minute, or the sixtieth part of it, in the cloudiest day, the darkest night, or deepest cave, how long it is since the sun passed a given meridian.

The utility of this achievement is incalculable; is far more valuable for humanity than if the seconds, minutes, and hours had been visibly marked on the zodiac by the hand of the ALMIGHTY. It is this ubiquitous legibility of time that makes it possible for the human race to keep step and act in concert individually or in masses, giving a power to the whole greater than the power of one multiplied by the number of the whole. If, for instance, man had not provided himself with an accurate and reliable time-keeper, before attempting to arrest the forces of steam and electricity, he

* THE revolution of the earth upon its axis is the only natural measure or standard of our time, that is, a day is generally understood to be the time between two successive noons or mid-nights. Yet this is not the day of twenty-four hours by the clock. The exact period of the earth's revolution, as measured by the fixed stars, is what we call a sidereal day; and is always the same, with the exception of an annual variation of three and one-third seconds of time. Since the sidereal day does not suit our ideas of day and night, and a solar day is of variable length, a third kind of artificial and uniform period has become necessary, now that all the time of the world is measured by clocks and watches. The day so used is always 3m. 56.5554s. of sidereal time longer than a sidereal day; and this artificial day is called a mean solar day; hence time shown by clocks and watches is called mean time.

would have found it impossible to establish the net-work of railways, telegraphs, and lines of ocean-steamers, which are now constantly bearing in rapid flight precious freights in every direction, with a certainty and celerity second only to the operations of Nature.

The progress of this great invention, too great to be attributed to any single individual, was for ages almost imperceptible. First, there was the herdsman, watching the sun by day and the moon and stars by night, dividing the blue space into hand and finger-breadths, and making use of his eye as a quadrant to determine altitudes. Then the march of the shadow was graduated, and the dial took its place in garden and in court-yard, and the noon-mark by the sill of the window and the threshold of the door-way. The hour-glass of sand or of water, made to correspond to the divisions on the dial-plate, came into use for nights and cloudy days. The clepsydra, a kind of portable tide, was employed long before the Christian era; and even two thousand years ago, Ctesibius of Alexandria had added wheels, making it in fact a water-clock.

Clepsydræ appear to have been used in China, India, Chaldea, and Egypt in the most remote antiquity. Plato introduced them from the latter country into Greece. Julius Cæsar found them even in Britain, where they were probably carried by the Phœnicians. Clepsydræ with tooth-wheels are to be seen sculptured on Trajan's Column at Rome, where the first sun-dial was set up by L. Papirius Cursor, 301 B.C. The Romish clergy were mainly instrumental in introducing the art of clock-making into Europe. The measurement of time for the regulation of the stated services of the church was so desirable, that their attention was necessarily called to a subject in which they were much interested.

It was not until the tenth century that a clock going by weight was invented, which however had neither minute-hand to indicate the exact time, nor pendulum to regulate its motion, but was provided with a balance-wheel of two weights, oscillating on a line in a horizontal plane.

In this rude clock the weights were movable on the lever; and by changing their relation to the centre of motion, their vibrations through the arc of a circle, determined by pallets playing into the teeth of a crown-wheel, were of such length as to give the hour-hand two revolutions in twenty-four hours. Pope Sylvester II. is said to have made the first clock of this kind in Europe, for which he was accused by the ignorant of intimate relations with the devil. The balance was substantially the same as that of our present watches, and the crown-wheel escapement is yet hardly out of use. But though the great mechanical principle of the time-keeper — the division of a constant force into equal portions — was thus early developed, it required some eight hundred years more to perfect the mechanism and bring it into use in the household and the pocket.

It is remarkable that the church tower clock had been reduced to pocket size with a coil spring instead of a weight as a moving

power, and was actually worn, before the application of the pendulum to the clock, or of the balance-spring to the balance of a watch.* These two great improvements in horology were made almost simultaneously two hundred years ago, and in both cases history divides the credit. It is usually stated that Galileo, from observing the swinging of a lamp hung from the top of a church, discovered that pendulums oscillate through different arcs in the same time — a property denominated the isochronism of the pendulum. It is also said that 'the ancient astronomers of the East employed pendulums in measuring the times of their observations, patiently counting their vibrations during the phases of an eclipse or a transit of the stars, and renewing them with a little push with the finger when they languished; and Gassendi, Riccioli, and others in more recent times followed their example.'

As is usual in such cases, the discovery of the isochronism of the pendulum was probably made independently by several persons about the same time; and the invention naturally led to its application to clocks. A clock-maker by the name of Harris is said to have made a pendulum clock for St. Paul's, Covent Garden, in 1621, several years before Dr. Hooke, Huygens, or Galileo's son, all of whom claimed priority.

But whoever was the inventor of pendulum clocks, there is no doubt that Huygens was the discoverer of the true theory of the pendulum; and although his application of the theory is now abandoned, all pendulum calculations depend upon it. He discovered that the curve in which a body must move so as to oscillate through large and small arcs in the same time, is not a circle, but a cycloid.

The spiral hair-spring does the same for a watch that the pendulum does for a clock, that is, with a proper escapement makes the vibrations the same in time irrespective of the amount of force exerted by the main-spring. Before the hair-spring and improved escapement were introduced, it was necessary that the moving

* The only mechanical difference between a watch and a clock is, that a watch will go in any position, but a clock only in one. Although time-pieces in cases, with a balance instead of a pendulum, are called clocks, they are really watches, differing from the common watch in their size, and the balance being set in a plane perpendicular to the planes of the rest of the wheels.

Watches have been made that would wind themselves up, or be wound without a key; others have been set in bracelets and rings; and a complete full-case watch was exhibited at the World's Fair in New-York in 1853, no larger than a gold dollar. The celebrated BRAUMARCHAIS states in one of his letters: 'I had the honor to present Madame De POMPADOUR with a watch in a ring — the smallest which has ever been constructed; it is only four lines and a half in diameter, and two-thirds of a line in height between the plates. To render the thing more convenient, I have substituted for the usual key a hoop all around the dial plate, from which a little hook stands out; by pulling this hook with the nail about two-thirds around the dial-plate, you wind up the watch, and it goes thirty hours.'

Among the marvels of watch-making, we should mention that a single pound of steel, costing fifty cents, when manufactured into one hundred thousand screws is worth eleven hundred dollars; and when sold, ultimately brings at least fifteen thousand dollars; when manufactured into watch-springs, it is worth eight hundred dollars, and these in turn bring eight thousand dollars.

force should be constant, and, as the main-spring pulled harder when fully wound up than when partly so, it was made to act upon the main driving-wheel by means of a chain coiled on a fusee, so that the loss of force by the uncoiling of a spring was compensated by the chain acting further from the centre. The adoption of the hair-spring and improved escapements rendered this clumsy arrangement useless; yet the English watch-makers, who claim for their countryman, Dr. Hooke, the credit of inventing the hair-spring, and who were the first to adopt the detached or lever-escapement, still continue to make watches with fusees. During two hundred years, in the face of an active continental competition, they have manufactured very few watches without them.*

The extent of the simplification will be understood when we consider that a watch without a fusee contains about one hundred and twenty parts, while one with fusee and chain consists of more than eight hundred, the chain alone being formed of seven hundred pieces, thus affording nearly seven hundred additional chances of disarrangement by flaws in the material or imperfect workmanship.

With the pendulum, the balance-spring, and proper escapements, clocks and watches would be nearly perfect, were it not for the disturbing effect of temperature, which makes them thermometers as well as chronometers; and just so far as they indicate changes in the atmosphere, they lose their efficiency in the latter capacity.

There are two ways of correcting this disturbance: one is in having a bit of metal so placed that its expansion will strengthen the hair-spring by shortening it; another method is to make the balance of two metals of different degrees of expansibility so arranged that the average mass of the balance is brought nearer the centre of motion by expansion.

It was this compensation, first effectually applied by Harrison, if not invented by him, which won for the London watch-maker the reward of £20,000, offered by the British Board of Longitude, for an instrument with which the longitude at sea, within a given limit, could be unerringly ascertained. By means of this discovery, the culminating triumph of watch-making, we are enabled to manufacture a mechanism which, in spite of the changes of matter, will guide us over a trackless ocean by the accuracy of its record of time.

The compensation of the balance is ordinarily of much less im-

* THE escapement is that part of the watch or clock in which the rotary motion of the wheels is converted into the vibratory motion of the balance or pendulum, and is made by one tooth of the quickest wheel in the train escaping at each vibration, which wheel is called the 'sape-wheel.' The detached lever-escapement is the one used in all the best English watches, and with some valuable modifications in the general construction of the movements, it is the one adopted in the Waltham watches.

portance than its correct poising, which makes the time the same in all positions, the jewelers of the holes, and the accurate fitting of the pivots in them. In jewelers, the highest accuracy of human workmanship is required. There must be microscopic exactness in planing, turning, and drilling the most impenetrable materials. The pivots must move in their holes with perfect ease, and yet without spare room to accommodate the thousandth part of a hair. These jewels are precious stones, usually rubies, sapphires, or chrysolites, and inferior only to the diamond in hardness. The drilling of them was for a long time an art of itself. When all these requirements are supplied in the best manner, time is conquered, and the mechanism becomes enduring as well as almost infallible.

Naturally an article of such beauty and utility as the watch — a thing so personal, so closely related to one's life, so social, so indispensable to progress and power — should be desired by every body capable of using and preserving it. Hence every civilized country has had its manufacturers, and millions of watches have been made, varying indefinitely as to quality, from Napoleon's, which wound itself up constantly by the motion of its wearer, to the big brass bull's-eye of the Cornish miner, and the thin French cousin of our Yankee wooden clock to be found in the fob of the cheapest ready-made outfit. Yet in all this wide manufacture there has been no connected and comprehensive system, but every watch was made by hand and had a strong individuality of its own, so that the works of the same maker have had a great variety, no two of them being alike.

In Europe the rough parts of the watch usually come from several distinct workshops, all meeting at last in the *atelier* of the finisher, often residing in a distant city or even in a foreign country, who puts the mechanism together and sets it in motion.

It is plain enough, that owing to this want of system there can be but very few perfect watches. Only the very best works of the very best finishers approach perfection. The mass of hand-made watches are never good except in appearance. A large class of mechanics are employed in all civilized countries in vainly attempting to make them go in correspondence with the solar system. It is estimated that at least \$5,000,000 are annually spent in the United States alone in repairing almost worthless watches, and at least an equal amount in the old world. The mystery which surrounds the profession of watch-making in the community almost equals that of the healing art, and this ignorance is by no means detrimental to manufacturers and importers.

Under the circumstances, it is not strange that in the United States there should have been until lately but a few sporadic attempts at watch-making. Our systematic labor-saving industry was first applied to supplying the world with clocks. The filling of the world with reliable watches should naturally follow.

The advantageous opening for this branch of industry will be

best appreciated by referring to the amount expended in the importation of watches, chiefly from England, and from Switzerland through France. The number of watches imported is not given in the published returns of the Treasury Department, but their total value, from 1825 to 1858 inclusive, is \$45,820,000, about equally divided between England and Switzerland, while the number of watches supplied by the latter is more than three times as great as the number furnished by the former, owing to the lower price and the less substantial quality of the workmanship.

Our present demand of foreign watches is about \$5,000,000 per annum. What a temptation to apply the vaunted superiority of Americans in mechanical ingenuity to their production by machinery!

During the war of 1812 a large number of very excellent watches were manufactured in Worcester county, Massachusetts, by Goddard and others, some of which are still in use. But at the close of the war the manufacture languished, and foreign competition brought it to an end.

The next attempt was made in 1839, at East-Hartford, by Henry Pitkin, who commenced making watches with tools of his own manufacture, and continued the business there and in Boston until he had made about one thousand watches, when the business failed from want of capital and encouragement.

The application of machinery to the manufacture of fire-arms having been unsuccessfully made by Eli Whitney, the idea of extending it to the manufacture of watches naturally occurred. An enterprise with this object in view was first started at Roxbury, Mass., in the year 1850, in connection with a large clock-making establishment; but the location was soon found to be wholly unsuited to the prosecution of such delicate work, on account of the light and dusty character of the soil, which in dry weather charged the rooms with dust, to the great injury of the work. To overcome this difficulty, and more fully carry out the project of training a special class of workmen and women, a site was procured in the town of Waltham, Mass., on the banks of Charles River, and a manufactory erected, which covers an area of about half an acre of ground.

The building is two stories in height, and surrounds a quadrangular court, the whole forming one of the most admirable and systematically organized establishments in the country. After various fortunes, the original company failed, and in 1857 the establishment passed into the hands of Messrs. Appleton, Tracy and Co., who have placed it upon a permanent basis, and made watch-making by machinery an American institution: thus setting another example of enterprise and ingenuity to the artisans of Europe, which promises to revolutionize in a very few years the watch trade of the world. The plan of manufacture is highly philosophical and comprehensive, embracing every part of the watch, commencing with the rolled plates of brass, steel, and silver, the

wires used for pinions, pins and screws, and the gems for jewels; and by means of punching, swaging, cutting, turning, polishing, burnishing, drilling, enameling, and gilding, brings out the perfect mechanism of an unrivalled time-keeper.

Every part of the watch is made by machinery, each machine doing its peculiar work to a gauge or pattern, with an exactness no skill of handicraft can equal. With the exception of the jewels and the pivots that run in them, every watch is in every part exactly like every other watch of the same style. The jewels are first drilled with a diamond, and then opened out with diamond-dust on a soft hair-like iron wire, their perforations having certain microscopic differences. In like manner the pivots of steel that are to run in these jewels, without wearing out in the least, must be exquisitely polished. By this operation their size is slightly reduced. The jewels and pivots, after being thus finished, are classified by means of a gauge, so delicately graduated as to detect a difference of the ten thousandth part of an inch. The jewels are classified by means of the pivots, the jewels and pivots of the same number fitting each other exactly. The sizes of the several pivots and jewels in each watch are carefully recorded under its number, so that if any one of either should fail in any part of the world, by sending the number of the watch to Waltham, the part desired may be readily and cheaply replaced with unerring certainty. All the other parts are made precisely the same size, every dial-plate and case fitting one watch as well as another. The escapements, which in foreign watches have each its own individuality, are uniform in the American watch. No one who examines the machines employed in this establishment, and attends to the minute details of the system, will doubt that the work of the very best European watch-makers must be equalled, and in some respects greatly excelled. In the Waltham watches nothing is left to the eye or touch of the workmen. On every part the machine impresses its own precision.*

With excellent judgment, the founders of this establishment have adopted the simplest form of the lever watch as their staple, designed to supply the place of the millions of low-priced and unreliable foreign watches with which our country is flooded. Adjusted chronometer balances and a most elaborate finish in all respects have been achieved; but it is not the design of the manufacturers to enter into a useless competition with the highest priced watches on the score of external finish, believing that the more

* ALL imported watches are made by hand, the American watches being the only ones made by machinery in a single establishment, by connected and uniform processes. The Waltham watches have fewer parts, and are more easily kept in order than any others; and are warranted for ten years by the manufacturers. Messrs. APPLETON, TRACY AND COMPANY, of whom ROBBINS AND APPLETON, Number 15 Maiden Lane, New-York, are the general agents, have over one hundred artisans employed in the manufacture of their Waltham watches, more than half of whom are women. Their latest invention is a sporting-watch, which, by simply touching a spring, can be stopped and set running again, with such clarity as to measure the fourth part of a second of time.

valuable qualities of durability, reliability, cheapness, and simple elegance, will be best appreciated, and more useful to the community than the pretentious glitter of finish which too often conceals fatal internal defects in the watch as a time-keeper. By machinery American movements without cases are made at about one-half the cost of imported movements of a similar grade, with the advantage of being uniformly reliable. We hail the introduction of watch-making with peculiar satisfaction, as it promises to remedy a serious evil which has grown out of the unreliability of the great majority of foreign watches. We allude to the vast amount of petty fraud and knavery that are practised and tolerated in connection with these worse than useless fabrics; cheating in the sale of a watch having been considered as almost justifiable. The introduction of the Waltham watches will necessarily put an end to this wide-spread evil. The manufacture of American watches also promises to open a new and appropriate field of remunerative employment for the skill of woman, where she can demonstrate her capacity for the most delicate and exacting mechanical occupations. It marks, moreover, an era in the history of time and time-keepers, and may appropriately be associated with the magnetic telegraph, the sewing-machine, and other kindred successes of mind over matter, which so wonderfully distinguish the present period.

L A D D E R S O F S U N B E A M S .

I.

ASLANT the amber-tinted air
 Fall golden rays of morning light,
 That reach from darkest depth of earth
 To heaven's serenest Eden-height.

II.

More real than the ladder seen
 By JACOB in his mystic dreams
 Are those which scale the sapphire sky,
 Framed by these radiant summer beams.

III.

Upon their airy, golden rounds,
 Our yearning thoughts may upward rise,
 As rose the angels JACOB saw,
 Unto the fields of Paradise :

IV.

And bringing back from those high realms
 Some flowret of immortal bloom,
 Our souls may ever after walk,
 Cheered by its heavenly perfume.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE HOUSEHOLD BOOK OF POETRY. Collected and edited by CHARLES A. DANA : pp. 798. New-York : D. APPLETON AND COMPANY, 348 Broadway.

WE have in this elegant volume perhaps the best collection of poetry ever made in the English language. The work is provided with an excellent index, and for the convenience of readers, divided into poems of Nature, Childhood, Friendship, Love, Ambition, Comedy, Sentiment, Religion, etc. There are many famous names, and poems still more famous, that we would gladly see in this collection. Few readers, we imagine, will be entirely satisfied, yet none perhaps have reason to complain. Mr. DANA appears to have set about his task in a catholic spirit, and appreciating the value of poetry, for the real student may not despise the song, the dance, and the legend, embalming, as they frequently do, the usages and sentiments of other times. In them we usually catch the truest reflection of the history and social condition of a people. The literature of ballads and legends, neither taught in schools nor crowned by academies, how modestly it has come down to us from the far-off ages, delighting with its music, like a familiar bird, the household where it takes its rest ! Its materials, as rich and varied as those of the tissues displayed in the bazaars of the Orient, have been collected and woven by unknown hands, it may have been under a Bedouin tent — it may have been in the smoky cabin of the Northman.

No envious poet claims as his own the oldest and best of these sweet inspirations that have leaped forth from the heart of the people, as the water leaped from the rock under the rod of Moses. Belonging to all who will listen to them, to all who love the tender and the beautiful, they vibrate in the air like the songs of birds. Full of naïf conceptions and marvellous inventions, they delight the poor man at his humble hearth, make the aged smile, awaken sentiments of love and virtue, and strengthen patriotism by the souvenirs of glorious deeds.

It is not strange that the simple customs of a people should in this manner be made to endure for ages ? That which is most labored and heralded forth with most pomp, is not always remembered longest. In the quarries of Pentelicus we deciphered names carelessly scratched upon the marble walls by workmen more than two thousand years ago. The slave who hewed from the quarry the rough block, has left us at least the legacy of his name — far more,

in many instances, than he who chiselled it to a form of beauty, and almost imparted life to the pulseless stone.

Evening overtakes the traveller at a *celo* — a Servian village hid away among the recesses of the Balkans. The peasants are singing merrily while they lead their flocks down the mountains. As the sun goes down, the youths and maidens of the village meet under the great forest trees to celebrate the dances of their people, each one of which is a history, wherein pantomime takes the place of words, and action and sentiment beautifully blend the poetical present with the legendary past. Near by, the elders of the *celo*, seated on the grass around the village bard, like a group in the pastoral age of AGAMEMNON, listen while he recites the heroic deeds of their ancestors, or, as if to call back their spring-time of life, improvises the tender agitations of youthful hearts. The young men select partners, and a ring is formed alternately of males and females. Then the song, accompanied by the monotonous tones of the *guzla*. Now the dancers move slowly in the mazy evolutions, separating and uniting in the graceful figures, and winding in labyrinthine folds so quickly as almost to elude sight.

In the groups before us are only unlettered peasants, ignorant of all the world beyond their native forests, the names of whose ancient kings are scarcely preserved in the national ballads, and whose only archives are the traditions and songs that resound among their mountains. But the Kolo, which they celebrate, is the *Romaika* of Greece, the Dædalian dance of the early Greeks — so ancient, indeed, as to have been traced upon Achilles' shield, and described by HOMER precisely as it is now performed.

Pass out from Athens on the evening of the first of April, along the Piræus road, until you reach the temple of THESEUS. The open space between the Hill of Mars and the Pnyx, the agora of the ancient Athenians, is now converted into a field of wheat. We have often visited the spot when the silence was unbroken and no human being was near, save the guardian of the temple and an Albanian shepherd, watching his flock on the Hill of Mars.

But on this occasion crowds of Athenians assemble there long before the sun gilds with his departing rays the Parthenon and Erechtheum, perched proudly on that magnificent pedestal, the Acropolis. You see before you a curious mosaic of all the tribes and nationalities of Greece, but none of the garlands and processions of ancient times. There are the fine forms, the classic features of Greek women, beautiful enough to have served as models for the Caryatides, and the splendid outlines of the Hellenic face, united with a bearing which no one but a Greek can assume. The aged Athenians repose on the marble seats ranged on the southern side of the temple of THESEUS — the seats said to have once been occupied by the judges of the Areopagus. The young men are threading the mazes of a dance which is at once unique, national, and historical. Ask one of them why they came there on that occasion, and they can only tell you that it is in obedience to an ancient custom. They only know that their fathers did so before them. But that is the ancient Pyrrhic dance you look upon, and the *fête* around the columns of the temple of THESEUS shows how the usages of a people can traverse centuries.

Let us change the scene from Athens to Bukarest, the gay and luxurious

capital of Wallachia. It is evening, and there are also merry groups assembled on the banks of the Dumbovitză. They too are dancing, but it is the *hora roumanesca* to gipsy music. There are female figures of bewitching grace and beauty, but the splendid forms and dignified bearing of their companions remind us strongly of the Latins. They also speak a language that would have been understood by the rustic multitudes who thronged

‘To see great POMPEY walk the streets of Rome.’

Seventeen centuries have elapsed since the tide of Roman conquest was swept back by the waves of barbaric invasion, and yet the simple dance of these Wallachian peasants brings before us the most celebrated chorographic entertainment of the ancient Romans. Maidens and youths join hands and form a large ring, in the centre of which are gipsy musicians, called *Lautari* in the *limba roumanesca*. One of the circle sings during the dance, and the songs on these occasions, termed *horas*, as among the Latins, are of singular force and beauty. The ring of dancers undulates from right to left and left to right; and when it breaks up in a feigned *melée*, the young men seize by the waist and bear away the blushing and struggling maidens, as their Roman ancestors once did the Sabine women.

COMMISSARY WILSON'S ORDERLY-BOOK: EXPEDITION OF THE BRITISH AND PROVINCIAL ARMY, under Maj. Gen. JEFFREY AMHERST, against Ticonderoga and Crown-Point: 1759. In one Volume: pp. 220. Albany: J. MUNSELL, Seventy-eight, State-street.

THE fair, firm, white paper, and the exceedingly quaint and beautiful typography of this volume, answer favorably at once that ‘first appeal which is to the eye.’ But it ‘has that within, which passeth show’ merely. It is indeed replete with interest. The manuscript of the volume was found among the papers of the grandfather of the compiler and editor, J. WATTS DE PEYSTER, Esq., a most indefatigable historical explorer, of whom, and whose valuable labors, we have had recent occasion to speak in these pages. Mr. DE PEYSTER, the elder, here referred to, was in the possession of a large amount of very valuable original matter, connected with the history of the city and province of New-York. It was wisely and timely deemed by his descendant to be of great importance that our colonial history should be fully made known to the world: as the province of New-York was so long the principal theatre of the contests between the mother-country and France for the possession of North-America. It is well and truly observed by Mr. DE PEYSTER, that this memorable campaign of 1759 is alike creditable to the military abilities of General AMHERST, and advantageous to the British Colonies, which had been so long harassed by the incursions of the French and Indians of Canada. To the provincial troops employed in this expedition, is to be attributed a greater share of renown than is usually awarded to them. By their zeal, discipline, and active energy, they contributed in no small degree to the success of the campaign. Among their officers will be found not a few who were trained here for the lasting fame which they acquired in the war of the Revolution.

INSPIRATION NOT GUIDANCE, NOR INTUITION: OR THE PLENARY INSPIRATION OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES. Second Series. By ELEAZAR LORD. New-York: A. D. F. RANDOLPH, 683 Broadway. 1858.

THE object of the book before us is to maintain the plenary verbal inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. This is argued from the Scriptures themselves, and from the constitution of the human mind. In the preceding volume, the author advanced and illustrated the following among other propositions: that the word *Inspiration* signifies breathing into—breathing, conveying thoughts into the mind: that inspiration was a Divine act, exerted, not on the faculties of the sacred penmen, but exerted in conveying to their minds the thoughts which they were to express in writing: that it is, according to man's constitution, a law of his mind, that he thinks in words; that he conceives, receives from others, is conscious of, remembers, and expresses thoughts, only in words and signs equivalent to vocal articulations; that words and intelligible signs are the sole medium and instrument of thought; that thoughts are conveyed from one human mind to another only in words and signs; and accordingly, that, in conformity to man's nature, the divine thoughts were conveyed into the minds of the sacred writers, in words, by inspiration. In support of these leading propositions, a variety of subordinate questions are examined. Words are held to be representatives, not of *things*, but of *thoughts* only; and, when intelligently used, words are held to express particular thoughts as perfectly as the thoughts themselves are conceived by the mind. And since thoughts cannot be conveyed from one human mind to another, so as to make the recipient conscious of them, apart from words, it is maintained that thoughts inspired into a prophet's mind, must have been inspired in words; and that what the sacred penmen wrote was inspired into their minds in the language, style, and idiom of the respective writers, because they understood and were qualified to write that language in that style; because their readers also were qualified to understand what they so wrote; and because when translated into the like phraseology of different nations, what they wrote would be level to the capacity of the common people, whose thoughts and style of expression are, for the most part, essentially alike.

In the present volume, our author reiterates his former positions, and illustrates the subject by new investigations. In the Second Chapter, he states what was not, and what was effected by the divine act of inspiration. The Third treats of language, as the mediate instrumentality of intelligible communication between the infinite and finite minds. The Fourth examines an article on Inspiration, in the '*Bibliotheca Sacra*,' and contrasts its theoretical with its Scriptural doctrines and definitions. The Fifth considers an article on Inspiration in the '*Princeton Review*,' contrasts its theoretical with its Scriptural definitions and statements, and dissents from its views of *infallible guidance*.

In the Sixth Chapter on instinct, intuition, and intellectual action, *Instinct* and *Intuition* are compared, and distinguished from intellectual action;

a doctrine of MILL's system of logic concerning *intuition* is opposed; and Sir WILLIAM HAMILTON's *Philosophy of Common Sense* is examined with reference to its confounding intuition with inspiration. In these disquisitions, our author maintains, and we think with insurmountable arguments, that our intuitions are not simply independent spontaneous exercises of the mind, but are mental perceptions of such truths only, as are made obvious by our intellectual conception of related and collateral truths: as when we conceive of the whole and of a part of a particular thing, we intuitively (spontaneously and necessarily) perceive the truth, that the whole is greater than the part. Yet we are not conscious of this perception till we intellectually conceive it in words. It is a spontaneous mental perception, which no sooner takes place, than it becomes an object of intellectual apprehension, conception, thought, and consciousness in words. This mode of mental action being admitted, it is manifestly impossible that divine revelations should be intuitively discovered. For in order to the discovery, those collateral truths, the knowledge of which makes the discovered truths obvious, must be previously known, and must at the moment be intellectually conceived in words: which conditions are as necessary as the presence of light to the visual perception and discrimination of colors and proportions, when the eyes are opened.

It is notorious, that the rationalistic philosophers and theologians, who hold to nothing supernatural in religion, ascribe all that is extraordinary in the disclosures of the sacred oracles, to intuition — the inspirations of genius, and the like — rejecting the doctrine of supernatural inspiration, and especially the idea of either thoughts or words being conveyed to the human mind by inspiration. If the author's views of *intuition* are sound, and his conclusions just, the importance of their bearing on the question of plenary divine inspiration cannot fail to be perceived.

The Seventh Chapter, and the last, is an extended review of the 'Discourses of Professor LEE, of Dublin,' on the Inspiration of Holy Scripture — of his theme, his theory, his definitions, his matter, its tendency, his inconsistencies, his paradoxes, his reasons for rejecting the so-called mechanical theory of Inspiration, his distinction between Revelation and Inspiration, etc., etc.

It would be in vain to attempt, in the brief space at our command, to present a particular statement of the topics comprised in this Chapter. A large portion of it is taken up in showing that the assumptions of the author on which he founds his peculiar theory of Inspiration — as the result of a combined exercise of divine and human agency — and his distinction between Revelation and Inspiration, are utterly unfounded.

In view of the whole discussion, we are fain to say, that it appears to sustain and settle several material points: such as:

That by the laws of our mental constitution, we think, and receive, and are conscious of thoughts, only in words.

That Inspiration is a divine act or influence exerted in conveying, in-breathing, thoughts into the minds of the sacred writers; and not an influence exerted on their faculties.

That the inspiration of thoughts necessarily includes the inspiration of the words which express them, since man could not in the natural exercise of his faculties, receive and be conscious of the thoughts apart from the words.

That it is the *nature and effect* of the divine act of inspiration to *convey* thoughts — thoughts in words — to be expressed, reiterated, vocally or in writing, by the recipient. And that it is not the nature or effect of that divine act, to guide or otherwise control or influence the faculties of the recipient, excite his intellect in an extraordinary manner or degree, or to enable him to select the words to be recorded, or to discover by intuition the truths to be expressed.

That the Holy Scriptures are properly denominated *the word of God*, and as such, are infallible, because HE inspired them — the thoughts and words which constitute them — into the minds of the sacred writers, to be written, word by word, for them.

Good paper, and Mr. GRAY's clear, legible type, make the volume externally most acceptable to the reader.

COURTSHIP AND MATRIMONY: WITH OTHER SKETCHES FROM SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN SOCIAL LIFE. By ROBERT MORRIS. In one Volume: pp. 508. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON AND BROTHERS.

THIS is in all respects an unexceptionable book. It cannot fail, rightly regarded, to be productive of great good. Its precepts, its inculcations, its illustrative incidents, its simplicity, its earnestness, and its *directness*, will commend it, we are quite certain, to a wide and general acceptance. We heartily, and with the fullest confidence, indorse the commendation bestowed upon the work by our friend and correspondent, CHARLES G. LELAND, Esq., in the columns of the Philadelphia daily journal with which he is editorially connected, the '*Evening Bulletin*.' Mr. LELAND observes:

'THE characteristics of Mr. MORRIS' mind are those of high-toned integrity, clear common-sense, and a tendency to present life in its purest yet most soundly practical aspects. And all of these traits, clad in a refined and highly attractive language, are strongly marked in the work before us. We have seldom seen a book which inspired more sincerely the feelings of respect and regard for the author, so manifest are the moral merits and the sincere desire to do good which appears on every page. It is a matter of real regret that works of exactly this character, free from sectarian feeling or the impulses of mere book-making, are so rare. Were there more of them, there would be more respect for that class of *litterati* who do not pander merely to 'excitement.' This is in every respect a Family Book — one intended for every-day reading — one which no family should be without, and which cannot be a familiar inmate of any family without inspiring more or less good-feeling and sensible reflection in the hearts of all who look into it. Among the many interesting pieces which it contains, we would specify, as fully confirming all that we have said, those of 'Never Give Up,' 'Success or Failure,' 'A Start in Life,' 'The Choice of a Profession,' 'Early Training,' 'The Mother and her Sons,' 'Matrimony, or a Bache-

lor in a Dilemma,' 'Occupation, or the Uses of a Trade or a Profession,' 'Married Life,' 'Home Festivals,' 'The Invalid,' 'Style and Dress,' and 'Home and its Harmonies.' These titles, indeed, indicate to a degree the substantial character and merit of the book. The work in question having attracted the most enthusiastic admiration of our townsman, and retired Book-seller and Publisher, Mr. JOHN GRIGG, (who has himself written those Rules for young men which indicate literary tendencies analogous to those in this work,) it has been most appropriately dedicated to him, 'as a slight tribute of respect for his energy of character, benevolence of spirit, and generosity of nature.' In a letter referring to 'Courtship and Matrimony,' Mr. GRIGG speaks of it as 'a book better deserving extensive circulation among families than any other printed, excepting the BIBLE.'

It is due to the enterprising and popular publishers to state, that they have placed the volume before the public in an appropriate and becoming garb. An exceedingly well-engraved portrait of the author fronts the title-page, and adds not a little to the intellectual attractions of the work.

SHALMAH IN PURSUIT OF FREEDOM. Translated from the Original Showiah, by an American Citizen. New-York: THATCHER AND HUTCHINSON.

THE author of 'Shalmah' has, or rather aimed to have, 'two strings to his bow,' for his book belongs to two distinct classes of fiction. It has more prototypes in the first than we can at this moment remember. Among these are the 'Persian Letters' of MONTESQUIEU; 'The Letters of the Turkish Spy;' GOLDSMITH'S 'Citizen of the World,' and Miss HAMILTON'S 'Hindoo Rajah.' In these works the manners and customs of Europe are described and judged from what their authors supposed to be the stand-point of intelligent but semi-civilized foreigners. 'Europe seen through Asiatic Eyes,' would not be a bad second title for them. They are not without talent, but they never for a moment delude their readers — if they have any at this late day — into the belief that they are what they pretend to be: the cleverest of them lacks *vraisemblance*. When 'The Arabian Nights' was newly done into French, and from that language into the various tongues of Europe, the ignorance of the public in all that related to occidental modes of thinking, allowed the writers of these imitations a great deal of latitude. Their safeguard lay in the fact that their readers were full as ignorant as themselves, which is saying a great deal. Now, however, *nous avons changé tout cela*, and are not likely to suffer much from such attacks in future. To say that 'Shalmah' is not more successful than its predecessors, is to put a fine point on it: it is not successful at all. The author makes his hero — who, by the way, is a chief of the Kabyles, a tribe inhabiting the high regions among the mountains of Algiers — write like a European or half-demented American. He simulates a lamentable ignorance of the land through which he travels, namely, the United States, and indulges largely in florid writing, laboring under the impression that it is the true expression of a child of nature — in short, poetry. But he is mistaken: he is not necessarily poetical because he is not prosaic. The work then fail-

ing in its first object, that of representing faithfully the modes of thinking of a Kabyle chief, it only remains to test it by its second, which is no less than a sectional satire on the institutions of the country, especially one, which, like the poet's sweet-heart,

'Shall be nameless here.'

The sub-title, 'In Pursuit of Freedom,' indicates its purpose. We are not vain enough to imagine that we are faultless as a people, but we have managed to survive the attacks of all sorts of cockneys, some of them very clever ones too, so we have no fear of 'Shalmah' setting the nation by the ears. One word more and we have done. If the author be, as he professes, an American, we commend to his prayerful consideration that old but musty proverb about the bird and its nest.

LEGENDS AND LYRICS. By ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR. New-York: D. APPLETON AND COMPANY.

THE readers of BARRY CORNWALL'S 'English Songs' — and their name is legion — were pleasantly aware of the existence of Miss PROCTOR long before she ventured into the lists in which her father has distinguished himself. She forms the subject of two of the most charming poems in that collection; the one a dainty little song — such a song as only BARRY CORNWALL can write — entitled 'Golden-tressed ADELAIDE;' the other a sonnet, 'To ADELAIDE.' The first commences in this fashion:

'SING, I pray, a little song,
Mother dear!
Neither sad, nor very long;
It is for a little maid,
Golden-tressed ADELAIDE!
Therefore let it suit a merry, merry ear,
Mother dear!'

The 'little maid' no longer needs 'the little song' of her 'mother dear,' for she has grown up into a serious and thoughtful woman, and sings a song of her own. We cannot say that it always 'suits a merry, merry ear,' for the prevailing tone of Miss PROCTOR'S verse is that of melancholy; but it is very pleasant reading for all that. Like the goddess of KEATS' ode,

'SHE dwells with Beauty, Beauty that must die,
And Joy whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu.'

Of course Miss PROCTOR is not equal to her father, for in his peculiar walk of poetry he stands alone — the sweetest and most felicitous lyrist that England has produced since the age of ELIZABETH; but she is worthy to be the child of that noble old poet. Her poetry is sweet and graceful, with a quiet vein of sentiment and reflection. Whatever her theme — and her range of subjects is wide and varied — she is essentially womanly in her treatment of it. The best pieces in her volume, in our way of thinking, are 'A Woman's Question,' and 'A Dream.' There is something about the latter which reminds us of HEINRICH HEINE. It is in the best school of German art.

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF MAJOR ROGER SHERMAN POTTER. By PELEG VAN TRUESDALE. New-York: STANFORD AND DELISSER.

THIS is one of the queerest books that has come in our way for a long time. We have gone through it pretty thoroughly, but we cannot make out its purpose. Its pretended author, PELEG VAN TRUESDALE, commences with his auto-biography, and lays out what the reader expects will be the outline of his own career, but meeting Major POTTER in the course of his peregrinations, the latter becomes his hero. Major POTTER is an odd compound of folly and sense. He is weak and vain, but shrewd withal, reminding us of some of the heroes of the satirical novels of olden times — a sort of SANCHE PANZA, or DON QUIXOTE. Like the famous Hidalgo, he has his Rosinante. At first the reader is disposed to laugh at and with him, but before the end is reached, he votes the old gentleman a little tedious. A character, or caricature, like the Major, does very well in a slight sketch, but he is rather tiresome in a book of five hundred pages. The political portion of his adventures, especially that relating to men and things in New-York, is amusing, and not devoid of truthfulness, but it is overdone. Altogether, the book is cleverly though carelessly written, with here and there a nice bit of character, or a really comic situation; but, as we said before, we cannot for the life of us see the author's object in writing it. It was probably to show his familiarity with the 'elephant,' and to 'run a muck' with the critics.

A JOURNEY DUE NORTH. By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA. In one Volume: pp. 482. Boston: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

MR. SALA, if we may believe the newspapers, is a young Englishman of the RICHARD SAVAGE order, who lives in Bohemia, and earns his bread-and-cheese by writing for '*The Household Words*.' He is supposed to do all the DICKENSISH articles in that pleasant little weekly. This, his first book, was originally contributed to its pages. It consists of a series of letters relating to a short residence in Russia, just before the coronation of ALEXANDER. It is not very statistical or profound, but it is agreeable and smart. Mr. SALA has a keen sense of the weak side of things, and a happy faculty of writing easily. The old adage of easy writing being hard reading, is not confirmed in his case, for we know of no recent book better fitted to while away a few spare hours than this '*Journey due North*.' One thing in respect to the volume we are bound in justice to say; and that is, that its occasional flippancy, and mere pen-and-ink work, are presented to supply a demand on the part of some half-million of English rail-way travellers.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

NAPOLEON IN 1806: A REMINISCENCE OF THE FIRST WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND PRUSSIA.—Is it not wonderful what an interest attaches to almost any thing, even at this distant day, which was connected with the person or the exploits of NAPOLEON? The incidents mentioned below occurred at a time immediately preceding the great battle of Jena: and here let us mention how they came into our possession. When we do not take our hour-and-a-half morning trip to town in the 'fast and snug' steamer 'ISAAC P. SMITH,' we get our daily metropolitan journals from over the river, through our village newsman, Mr. ADAM C. HAESELBARTH, an old German gentleman, of modest demeanor, much experience, and a keen observer evidently from his youth up, of stirring events, and of 'men and things.' One day, in his little box of an office, while we were looking at an engraving in one of the 'pictorials,' representing the inauguration of the statue of NAPOLEON, during the *fêtes* at Cherbourg, the old gentleman remarked: 'An excellent likeness — excellent! But who ever saw any other? The rudest wood-cut seldom fails to represent him.' 'Did you ever *see* the 'Little Captain?'' we asked. 'Oh! yes,' was the reply, 'and a good chance I had, too:' and the old gentleman went on, casually, to narrate to us, in the intervals of calls for papers, the circumstances which ensued. We asked him to *write* out the account for our Magazine, just as he had told it to us; and not, when he found his pen in his hand, to be tempted to 'enlarge,' as too many now-a-day reminiscents do. He hesitated, diffidently, at first, but finally consented to *do* so, and has *done* so, being a 'man of his word' in all things. He added: 'I was an eye-witness to all the principal incidents I have mentioned, and although at the time only twelve years of age, the scenes are still so fresh in my memory, that were I at all skilled in drawing, I think I could sketch them in life-colors at this moment.' Let us premise that Gera, the birth-place of the writer, is about twenty English miles from Jena, and thirty from Leipsic. It is the capital of the Duchy of Reuss, an independent, small State, located within the boundaries of Saxony, and noted for its extensive manufactures of fine woollen goods, linen, calico, etc., chiefly for the American market:

'It was about the middle of the year 1806, when the first great war between France and Prussia broke out. After some preliminary skirmishes, and the

battle of Saalfeld, (about a week before that of Jena,) where the Royal Prince Louis of Prussia fell, the combined Prussian and Saxon armies took up a defiant position near the town of Jena, on a hill called the 'Schneckenberg,' (Snail-hill,) where, on the thirteenth and fourteenth of October, the first great battle was fought, and the combined Prussian and Saxon armies defeated, with great loss in killed and wounded. Through the previous week, a great portion of the Prussian and Saxon armies was marching through my native place, the city of Gera, with all the pomp of war, toward the anticipated field of battle. The line of march through the city was past a new corner-house, which my father was just about building, and of which only the first-story walls were up at that time. Here myself and some other boys would station ourselves, from day to day, to see the seemingly-endless legions of soldiers march past. Some days it would be all cavalry, and then again all infantry, interspersed with long trains of artillery, ammunition, and baggage-wagons, all drawn by from four to six horses. Thus, in less than a week, about fifty thousand Prussian and Saxon troops passed our station 'on the wall,' which we boys thought were sufficient to 'whip all creation.' But the 'old folks' thought differently, (for certain reasons, which I shall mention hereafter,) and entertained the most ominous misgivings in regard to the grand result of the battle about to take place.

'On Friday afternoon, previous to the battle, the marching of the troops had ceased, and a train of about three hundred wagons, including several regimental money-chests, and considerable baggage belonging to officers, was left in our town, with a few hundred Saxon troops as an escort. On Saturday morning, the public squares and market-places were, as was usually the case, crowded with country people from the neighboring villages. At about nine o'clock, rumors became prevalent that French soldiers had been seen in the corporation-woods, on the eastern side of the city. But the officers in command discredited the report, and some Prussian officers, in a boasting style peculiar to that nation, insisted upon it that if any Frenchmen came to the city at all, they would come as prisoners of war, and would be brought in by their own men. However, 'Joh's messengers' succeeded one another, all declaring that the woods were alive with French soldiers; whereupon at last the commanding officers became alarmed, and a squadron of horsemen were sent out to reconnoitre the woods. In less than half-an-hour they returned at full gallop, their horses covered with foam, fully confirming the reports of the approach of the French in masses.

'A universal panic now seized all classes, and a scene of uproar and confusion ensued which it would be difficult to describe. The throngs in the market-places, with their hair almost standing erect with fright, 'dumped' the unsold parts of their 'market-truck' on the ground, and others having teams, threw their loads over-board, in order to get the quicker out of reach of the dreaded French: and no market was ever cleared with similar dispatch: in the space of minutes only, the frightened country people were seen hastily winding their way home over the neighboring hills.

'In the mean time, the teamsters and troops had been engaged to their utmost in hastening the harnessing of their horses, and with all possible speed dispatching the teams, as they thought, out of the enemy's reach. In less than an hour's time, the town had assumed the appearance of a deserted place: the thronging masses, and the military trains with their escorts, having vanished, the inhabitants proceeded to shut up their stores and houses, expecting every moment to see the enemy pouring in upon them.

'While this brief space of solemn, deadly silence was prevailing, a solitary French hussar, in white uniform, with a sword in his teeth, a pistol in each hand, and his eyes sparkling with wine, rode leisurely into the city, scrutinizing, as he proceeded, every door and window, to guard himself against surprise, or shots of Prussian or Saxon soldiers that might be lying 'in ambush.' Others soon followed in squads of two, three, four and more, until at last whole squadrons came furiously dashing through the town, in pursuit of the fleeing wagon-train.

'The very last of the wagons was just passing through the western town-gate, when the first-mentioned hussar came up to it, and when near enough, fired one of his pistols as a signal for the teamster to stop; but the latter, not heeding or understanding the summons, the hussar galloped up to him, and running his sword through his back, shoved him off between the two horses, and then, with his blood-stained sword, proceeded to cut the harness-traces of this and other teams, in order to bring the horses to a stop, the drivers having by this time mostly all fled from fright. However, for him retribution was near at hand. A brave Saxon captain, of dragoons, all whose men had fled, 'panic-stricken,' to the neighboring hills, was determined to remain, to the last extremity, true to his post. The French pioneer-hussar eagerly galloped up to him, while the Saxon coolly waited his approach: a few passages of their swords followed, when the Frenchman's head hung on his shoulders, and he fell a corpse on the road. Immediately after, two more hussars reached the scene of combat: the Saxon was ready to receive them, also; and, after considerable clashing of weapons, one Frenchman galloped off with his right arm dangling at his side, and the other followed, with the blood streaming from one of his wrists.

'Though the French had now begun to arrive in larger numbers, and no farther hope of escape remained for the brave Saxon, he was still determined to have another brush with the next squad of four, every one of whom, like their predecessors, was put *hors du combat* before they could have dreamed of it; but as too many dogs will prove a hare's death, so was it at last with the gallant Saxon. A squad of six had now arrived, and with some of the wagons for protection in the rear, he kept even them at bay for some time, till accidentally his horse, which was a most beautiful animal, became hemmed in between some of the wagons, and himself received a severe cut in the right arm, which disabled him at last. There was considerable French swearing when they were taking him prisoner, but no farther harm was done him, and an escort of two took him into the city, to a place of safety.

'French troops of every description began now to arrive in masses: and very soon a scene was to be enacted, which, in the singularity of its features, and in richness of wild sport, laughable manœuvres, and cursing, swearing, and laughing, would be past describing. I will only say, here was a line of teams, several miles in length, scattered along a straight, elevated turnpike, and several thousand excited troops engaged, in the most desperate and savage manner, in breaking open the wagons, which were all well secured and locked up, all in search of money, and whatever else might be valuable. For want of tools, they made use of whatever would make an impression on the stubborn sides of the wagon-bodies; but nothing seemed to answer so well as the wagon-poles, for battering-rams, and this latter mode of proceeding afforded them the most sport. In a very short time, the wagons were all broken open, and the con

tents, consisting chiefly of clothing and uniforms of every description, shoes, harnesses, saddles, bridles, and many other articles, scattered along the road. One party had the good luck to hit on a wagon containing a regimental money-chest, with a considerable amount of specie in it, which, amid a good deal of cheering, was divided among a party of about twenty, who had possession of the wagon. After the soldiers had finished their searches, many peasants ventured to the scene, and carried off whatever suited them, in clothing and other articles.

'An instance of the 'fortunes of war,' in connection with these scenes, may not be out of place here. A wagon containing officers' baggage, and a good deal of money, was driven into the farm-yard of an uncle of mine, situated a short distance from the main road, and supposed to be a temporary place of safety. But the inhabitants, under the apprehension that the French, coming into the land as enemies, and liable to commit all manner of outrages and depredations, had all fled to the woods. My aunt, having forgotten something valuable in the house, ventured to return alone to get it; but no sooner had she entered the house, than three French horsemen rode into the yard, stopping her retreat. Not understanding French, they intimated to her by signs, that she had nothing to fear from them, and that they only wanted her to get a good cup of coffee ready for them, while they were examining the contents of the wagons in the yard; and very singularly, these three had, in this isolated retreat, all their good luck to themselves. In a short time, they came up stairs with several bags of gold and silver, which they emptied on a large round dining-table; after mixing the money in the manner a set of dominoes is shuffled, they made one grand round heap of it, and one of them with his sword divided it into four equal quarters. After stowing away their shares in their portmanteaus, they called my aunt to the table, and pointing to the fourth share, very politely gave her to understand that that was her share. After having disposed of their hasty cup of coffee, they mounted, and galloped out of sight.

'After having seen all the sights along the road, several of 'us boys' returned to the city. But here, still greater sights were now to be seen. A portion of the French army had commenced marching in solid columns through the town, and in every direction were heard the sounds of martial music and beating of drums, of the latter of which there were whole bands, of perhaps fifty in number. We boys again took our position on the same stone wall, from which, only a few days before, we had witnessed the passing by of more than fifty thousand Prussian and Saxon troops. Now they were all French, moving along that broad street in dense masses; infantry, cavalry, and artillery, simultaneous, in three separate columns, and all to the tunes of their own peculiar music: they all appeared cheerful in the highest degree; and the unbroken noise of bands of music, the rolling of drums, and the cheering, was almost deafening. A neighbor of ours, an aged citizen, after having for some time looked with fear and astonishment at the moving, noisy masses, exclaimed, in the height of bewilderment: 'Mine Gorr! mine Gorr! what is all this? Surely the gates of Hell must have been opened, and SATAN himself and all his host let loose upon us!'

'While in the height of our boyish ecstacy and delight, in thus reviewing from our elevated position the movements of the martial legions, a small party of officers, in dazzling uniforms, and their breasts ornamented with beautiful stars, crosses, and orders, were repeatedly passing and re-passing the crowded

street, attended by a small-sized man, wearing a plain light gray over-coat, but-toned up to the chin, and to appearance rather the worse for wear: yellow leather breeches, top-boots reaching above the knees, and a small, peculiar little cocked-hat, formed his plain apparel. This little man was mounted on a beautiful Arabian horse, of a light gray color.

'As they passed along the moving columns, the wildest cheers and hurrahs would swell up to the sky, and one '*Vive l'Empereur!*' would follow another. At first, we thought the officer in the handsomest uniform must be the Emperor, and that the plain little man was only a servant to some of the rest; but when accidentally separated from the others, with only a horseman in Turkish uniform by his side, we soon discovered that all that tremendous cheering was directed solely to him. Our eyes were opened at once, on recognizing in him the very figure we had already so often seen in prints. It was the great NAPOLEON himself, with whose deeds and 'big wars' we had become familiar in school, as well as from every body's talk. The accounts of the late battle of Austerlitz were yet fresh in our juvenile minds, and we felt proud in beholding before us the great hero who had planned and directed the movements of the victorious legions on that great field of blood and glory. We caught the furor, and joined the soldiers in crying '*Vive l'Empereur!*' as lustily as they did. After swinging our caps a few times, we descended from the wall, to follow the movements of NAPOLEON himself.

'As he rode along, the columns of soldiers seemed to be electrified by his presence, and there was no end of the cries of '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Through thick-and-thin, we urged on in hot pursuit of our object, and unmolested, even through masses of soldiers. And here it may not be amiss to say, that, in the cheering of the soldiers of NAPOLEON's grand army, there was a certain originality, a terrible grandeur, which, though half a century has since passed, I never yet have heard equalled in force and effect.

'On reaching the market-square, we discovered him again, surrounded only by a few of his Marshals: here we had a fine opportunity, not only to see him close by, but also to hear him converse with those near him. Now we could see more plainly that it was the true original, from top to foot, of the many likenesses we had seen, and just as he is still represented to this very day.

'While listening to the conversation of some of his company, a well-meaning old lady edged close to the side of his horse, and with a generous liberality peculiar to all regular 'snuffers,' stretched out her arm to offer him a pinch of her favorite rappee; but his faithful Mameluke, RUSTAN, who, like his own shadow, was ever at his side, on observing the movement, pretended to draw his scimeter to scare the old lady. NAPOLEON, looking at RUSTAN at the time, shook his head and smiled, as if he meant to say, 'Let her alone,' upon which the latter pushed his scimeter back into its sheath.

'Immediately after this little incident, a file of soldiers presented themselves before the Emperor, having in their charge, as prisoner of war, the brave Saxon captain, who had so gallantly and to the last defended his train of wagons, and killed and wounded no less than seven or eight French soldiers. He was a stout, tall, noble-looking man: his wounded arm rested in a sling, and the blood was still oozing through the thin muslin bandage; beside this, his whole uniform was stained with blood-spots. It seemed as if NAPOLEON had expected the prisoner, for the officer in command presented him with the words, '*Voilà le prisonnier!*' (Here is the prisoner.) After a respect-

ful salute on the part of the Saxon, the Emperor spoke to him in a manner that seemed kind and friendly, and asked him various questions, the purport of some of which, as afterward reported, were favorable offers to enter the service of the Emperor, but which were respectfully declined. At the end of the interview, which lasted about ten minutes, the Emperor, addressing himself to the officer of the guard, said, loud enough for us to hear: '*Retournez sa épée!*' (Return his sword :) which the captain buckled on on the spot, and, from that moment, proudly wore it among the masses of French troops.

'While these incidents were taking place, the troops continued to march without interruption through the town, on their route to Jena. After the dismissal of the party with their Saxon prisoner, NAPOLEON, in company with only a few of his staff, started toward the western city-gate, and passing this, slowly rode up on an eminence called the 'Gallows-hill,' on the highest point of which the town-gallows used to stand. The posts of the last of these structures had decayed and wasted away, all but one, which had fallen down and remained lying on the spot. Here the party halted, and NAPOLEON, after dismounting, seated himself on that very post, and calling to RUSTAN, the latter handed him out of a leather or tin case some rolls of paper and some maps. After opening and spreading some of these before himself, and upon something stiff spread across his knees, he proceeded to take a profile of the surrounding country; at least, we judged this from his actions, he frequently pointing out to his companions certain localities. Afterward, our folks learned from some French officers, that, in case of a defeat at Jena, it had been NAPOLEON's intention to retreat to the neighboring hills of Gera. His labors having been brought to a close in about half an hour, the party rode leisurely back to the city, after which we saw no more of him.

'All these events happened in such rapid succession, that it almost seems impossible to realize them, in the short space of less than a day. About dusk came a temporary calm, the marching of troops having suddenly ceased; but it was only the forerunner of a new storm; for at about nine o'clock in the evening, after a long forced day's march, fifteen thousand of the Imperial Guard arrived, to rest their wearied limbs for that night in our town. They were, as a matter of course, in such times, billeted and lodged with the citizens. All the straw in the place was required to make beds for the unexpected and rather numerous company. Meat having become scarce, on Sunday morning following, my father, like many others, had to have a cow taken from the stables and killed, to provide for his own and some of his neighbors' 'boarders.' The troops, being much fatigued, slept soundly till late on Sunday forenoon. Dinner was to be ready at twelve, and one o'clock was the appointed hour for the Guards to continue their march again toward Jena.

'Precisely at the time ordered, the dinner, consisting of beef-soup and vegetables, was smoking on the table, in every house; and the Guards were just about going to take their seats, to partake, not of a 'hasty,' but a comfortable plate of soup, when, all of a sudden, a booming of cannon was heard in the direction toward Jena, followed immediately throughout the city by a terrible rolling of hundreds of drums! In an instant, the comforts of a good dinner were out of the question. Instead of it, ensued a general bustle of putting on the accoutrements of war, and as soon as fully armed and equipped, every man would run to the table, snatch up some pieces of bread and meat, and, with his fists full, rush into the rapidly forming ranks. In the short space

of half an hour, the whole fifteen thousand men had formed in regular line, and were marching out of the city, singing and hurraing, as if they were hastening to some joyful banquet.

'No nation, not even the French, will ever be able to reproduce so glorious a military body as that old Imperial Guard, except another great genius like NAPOLEON himself shall rise up again. His own spirit, like a magical spell, was here infused, and predominantly carried with it the mind and actions of every member of his great army, from the highest ranks to the humble privates. The Imperial Guards were a strictly select body of men, all sons of the best families of France, and mostly of tall stature. To become a member of that august body was one of the great honors in the French army. A private in the Guards was considered higher in rank than some officers in the regiments of the line; and in many instances, officers of the line were promoted by being placed as privates in the ranks of the Guards. In their general demeanor, the Guards displayed the characteristics of polished and accomplished 'gentlemen,' burning with ambition, and full of devotion bordering almost on worship for their great leader; and heedless of all fatigues, obstacles, dangers, and even death itself, in pursuit of honor and glory for France.

'P. S.—In the fore-part of this article, it was remarked that the inhabitants had 'ominous forebodings' in regard to the success of the Prussians, in the expected battle at Jena. The reason for this was, the heartless and tyrannical treatment which for years the privates had been compelled to suffer from their officers and superiors in general, and of which the inhabitants had had opportunity to see so much. In those times, the whole Prussian army was chiefly officered by young beardless 'sprigs of nobility,' without brains, or feelings of humanity toward the men under their commands; fellows that were nothing but knaves and fops, whose chief delight and sole employment was, to harass and maltreat the troops at the daily musters and parades.

'In 1805, Prussia formed with Austria an alliance, offensive and defensive, against NAPOLEON; but flattered by promises of territorial aggrandisement, she suddenly and most perfidiously withdrew from her contract, and left Austria to fight her battles single-handed. The Prussian army, under the command of Prince HOHENLOHE, already on the march, and half-way to the scene of action, was ordered to halt, and go into winter quarters in Saxony, where they settled down for the time being, a heavy burden on the inhabitants; and while the Austrians were being defeated in battle after battle, their expected, faithless allies were spending their time in idleness, feasting, and dancing, and tormenting their men with useless military shows and parades; on which occasions, the young coxcombs of officers would let the men feel the full weight of their authority, and from mere whim and caprice, would often commit the greatest outrages on them for the most trifling and often even only imaginary faults or neglects; so much so, that it would often make the blood of spectators boil with disgust and indignation, while the poor privates were compelled to submit to and bear all of it without any privilege at all of complaining, much less of being allowed opportunity for redress, for suffering the most grievous wrongs innocently. Nothing was left to them but 'grin and bear,' and bottle up feelings of suppressed revenge. A case in point, where I knew personally all the parties concerned, will show to what an extent these feelings of revenge against many officers reached.

'During one of the usual parades on the market-place, a young, foppish strippling of a lieutenant, in passing along the front of the line, suddenly stopped before a noble-looking young private by the name of GUTER, whose feet did not seem to be placed exactly in a position to suit the caprice of the boy-officer, who, without saying a word, with a disdainful and malicious look, lifted up his foot, and with the edge of his iron-mounted boot-heel, gave him so violent a kick on one of his shins, that the blood ran into his shoes, and the poor fellow fainted with pain, and fell over. After he had somewhat recovered, he was taken home to my father's house, where he, with others, was quartered. Innocent as he was of any fault or crime that deserved such treatment, there was no redress in such cases; but in the minds of the sufferers, big 'chalks' were continually being made against many officers: and so it was with this GUTER, who was determined upon revenge, even at the expense of his life. When rumors of war came, he said he was glad of it; he would rejoice to go to battle, for the sake of making one good shot. Many others had similar scores to settle with their officers, and were all impatiently looking for a chance on the field of battle.

'In conclusion, a few incidents characteristic of that famous invasion may not be out of place here. Immediately after the appearance of the French forces, scouting and marauding parties would be ranging all over the country, and through the neighboring villages, in search of geese, and poultry in general, roasting-pigs, fruit, and other fancy eatables that might be met with. Some of them entered a lonely-situated country residence, and while the rest were regaling themselves below with what good things they had found, two of them, armed and equipped, went to explore the upper part of the premises. The first door they opened led into a spacious saloon, the opposite end of which was decorated with a magnificent mirror, reaching from the ceiling to the floor: perceiving instantly their own reflections, they supposed the apparition to be some concealed Prussians. The warlike movements and attitudes being quick and reciprocal, there was no time to reflect: sudden reports of muskets followed, and the splendid mirror was shattered to atoms. Instantly, the remainder below rushed up-stairs, to learn what was the matter: and when the mystery was cleared up, the whole party gave vent to the most extravagant laughter, at the expense of their comrades' illusion, and the fatal mistake they had just perpetrated.

'One day, my father having occasion to send a laboring man to some distant field, I went with him. His name was FRANK, and he was a jolly, good-natured fellow, always full of joke and fun. Accidentally he had picked up the French expression of '*a la bonne heure*,' and had been in the habit of using it on every possible occasion, to let people know that he understood 'some French.' On the appearance of the real Frenchmen, he was very eager to 'show off' with his '*a la bonne heure*,' which he had learned to pronounce equal to a Frenchman born.

'Meeting a marauding-party of six while on our errand, FRANK, according to his custom, very politely saluted them with his little stock of French. Concluding from this, that he understood and spoke their language, the Frenchmen began to ask him a number of questions, to all of which he shook his head. The Frenchmen, thinking he could, but would not, tell them any thing, got desperate, and bound him to a tree near by: which done, one of them pulled the ramrod out of his musket, and gave him to understand that he would try a sure method of getting the French out of him. Saying this, he placed himself in a proper position, and cried out to him: '*Eh bien, parlez Français!*' With

every 'not verstand' in reply, FRANK received a cut across the back with the ramrod. This operation having been repeated several times, poor FRANK got desperate under the pain of the blows he was suffering, and turning his head toward his tormentors, cried out: 'Gentlemen! gentlemen! I'll be cut to pieces, if I can speak a word of French beside *a la bonne heure!*' Up to this time, I had remained a frightened spectator of the proceedings, and would rather have run off, if I had not been afraid they would shoot after me; though at the same time, I had been busily engaged in searching my brains through for a few words of French out of my little stock of school-learning; and when I thought I had hold of it, I could contain myself no longer, and bawled out, crying aloud: '*Pardonnez Louis, il ne peut pas parler Français!*' The Frenchmen upon this softened, and began to think that there was indeed no French to knock out of FRANK, and desisted from farther violence. After pointing out to them where they might fall in with a flock of geese, they untied FRANK, giving him at the same time to understand, hereafter, not to make too free with his French talk, which was hardly necessary; for he had already made up his mind, once out of this scrape, never to speak French again, and any thing but blessed the day on which he had picked up the unfortunate '*a la bonne heure.*' The Frenchmen then departed in search of the flock of geese, and we were glad to make a hasty retreat for home.

'A few days after the battle of Jena, a French regiment was announced to arrive in the afternoon; but from some cause or other, did not make their appearance till late in the evening. According to custom, they were then billeted out among the citizens, and a baker in our neighborhood received six for his share. The dinner had been prepared early in the afternoon, and the troops not arriving at the expected time, the viands were placed in the bake-oven to keep warm. At last, after the lapse of four or five hours over the expected time, they arrived, very much fatigued by an unusually long day's march, in consequence of which they did not seem in good humor when they entered the house, and immediately cried out for supper. The table having been set long ago, the baker and his folks hastened to bring in the dishes from the bake-oven; but what was the terror of the baker, when, accidentally looking over the various plates on the table, to see them all full of drowned cockroaches! The impatience of the soldiers placed all remedies out of the question, and consternation got the uppermost of the baker. Frightened out of his wits, he made some pretence for a sudden exit, and told his people to flee for their lives, for the Frenchmen would surely kill them all, when they found out what a mess was placed before them. The baker himself retreated into a dark corner of his bake-house, whence, through a small aperture, he could observe all the movements around the table in the room. But what was his agreeable surprise, when he saw them repeatedly stick their forks among the cockroaches on the plate, crack them with delight between their teeth, and call out to one another, '*Bon! bon!*' no doubt supposing them to be some delicacy peculiar to that part of the country.

'When the baker had fully satisfied himself that the supper was approved of, he ventured back into the room, and with his people went to work to clear away the table, to make room for the beds on the floor. After having made the necessary preparations for a good night's rest, and when he was just leaving the room, one of the soldiers kindly tapped him on the shoulder, saying in broken German: 'Landlord! to-morrow morning, for '*déjeuner,*' some more of de little fishes!'

'The bake-house being well supplied with the needful article, a number of plates and dishes with attractive bait were set, and sufficient were caught for an ample fricassee for breakfast, which was dispatched with as much relish as the late supper. When the drum beat, no men could have left their quarters better satisfied than these six, with the 'good things' of life!'

Note especially, in portions of this graphic narrative, the lights and shades which make up the picture of the *precursors* of BATTLE. In interest, they scarcely fall short of similar accessories *after* a 'heady fight.' We think it was in answer to a question asked of THOMAS CAMPBELL, by our great poet HALLECK, that the latter were most forcibly represented. He said he did not *witness* the battle of Hohenlinden; but he was near enough, the next morning, to see the literally 'groaning' ambulances, crowded with their suffering burthens, brought to a station some six miles from the battle-field, and grenadiers ride up with their gory swords drawn, which, when they dismounted, they wiped upon the manes of their wounded and foam-bespattered steeds. But 'here, may it please the court, we rest.'

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—There are two or three reasons, we may be permitted to say in all courtesy and kindness to our correspondent 'M.,' of Boston, why we do not like the story, from the German, of '*Count Fayal's Revenge*.' But let us *hint* the story, and then leave our readers to draw their own inferences. *Imprimis*, then: Count FAYAL is a gray and grim warrior, of nearly three-score-and-ten: GABRIELLE, his spouse, is a gay and beautiful young woman, who is not over and above tenacious of her marriage-vows: and especially is she in love, against the statute, with young DE COURCY, a Castilian, 'brave and fair:'

'AND when he went away to fight,
She wept in secret day and night.'

DE COURCY falls on the bloody field of Acre, and while dying, calls his weeping page to him, and tells him, when all is over with him, to take out his heart, inclose it in a casket, bear it to the fair and faithless GABRIELLE, and say to her that its last beat was swelled and prolonged with love and affection for her. The faithful page returns, (through many rough adventures which befel him by the way,) to perform his dying master's mission, with his 'heart in his hand,' inclosed as aforesaid. As he reaches the well-known castle-gate, he finds old Uncle FAYAL, with a long and splendid retinue, coming out of the castle-gate, with a dashing trumpeter ahead, 'winding his horn' round his arm, and half-blowing his brains out. 'Ha!' exclaimed some perking inquisitor in the old COUNT's train, 'yon boy is the page of DE COURCY, now undertaking present wars in Acre.' 'That's so,' said the jealous-pated old COUNT: 'what's that he's got in his hand?' He asked the same question of the page, as the lithe lad rode up and was passing, after making a bow as politely as he knew how. The handsome boy replied that it was a little box for COUNT FAYAL's beautiful 'Ladye.'

'Hold! — pull up your horse!' exclaimed the enraged COUNT: 'I want that box: what's into it?' — and he snatched it from his hand. The page, putting a pair of 'wings to his steed,' rode off, making no sign as to what was 'into the box' which had been intrusted to him so solemnly by his chivalric principal and gov'nor. What do you suppose old FAYAL did with that casket? He never let it go out of his hand, until he got home that night: and then he gave it to — 'But we anticipate.' The next day he gave a most splendid feast; 'every thing that was good to eat and drink, and plenty of it;' and what they did n't use that night, next morning it was fried. The company was mostly white, and as select as could be picked up 'any wheres:' 'lords and ladies, proud and gay;' and 'knights and squires,' and other head-waiters, all with their best clothes on. But there sat Mrs. FAYAL 'dressed up to the nines,' smiling 'with a heavy heart,' which would have been heavier still, if she had known that young DE COURCY was at that moment the mangled prey of some beast of a jackal on the field of honor. 'My ladye fair!' said the COUNT to his smiling and handsome wife, 'I want you to try a little of this pastry; it has a much-vaunted flavor.' As soon as she tasted of it, said she: 'Well, it *is* good, certainly: the cook has wondrous skill.' 'He has so,' says old FAYAL: 'he understands *his* business: so do n't you fail, when you praise up his pastry hereafter, to say, that *he baked in it, to flavor it, the Heart of young De Courcy, now dead on the battle-field of Saint Jean d'Acre!*' 'Sech wo!' Mrs. FAYAL fainted dead away immediately, and was carried out of the room, screaming the worst way: she 'could n't set up' for a long while afterward; and from that time forward, never could abide pasties of any kind or description. Now that's the whole story, told after the manner of 'modern chivalry.' Is n't it a tricopherous or hair-raising narrative? — and so natural and real life-like! - - - ONE of those 'blaasted English muffs, ye kno,' came over into 'the States' the other day, from Canada. He took lodgings at an inn, in a bordering village which shall be nameless. He had dinner; and among those who sat at the table with him, was the waiting-maid, whom he designated as 'servant;' but he received an indignant correction from the landlord: 'We call our servants, Sir, *Helps*. They air not oppressed: they air not Russian scurfs.' 'All right,' said the 'bloody Britisher: 'I shall remember.' And he *did*: for in the morning he awoke the whole house, by calling out, at the top of his voice, which was like the tearing of a strong rag: 'Help! help! — water! water!' In an instant every person equal to the task rushed into his room with a pail of water. 'I am much obliged to you, I am sure,' he said; 'but I do n't want so *much* water, ye kno' — I only want enough to shave with!' '*Shave* with!' said the landlord: 'what did you mean by calling 'Help! water!' We thought the house was a-fire.' 'You told me to call the servants '*Help*,' and I did: did you think I would cry *water*, when I meant *fire*?' The explanation, it should seem, was satisfactory.

—
 'On the beryl-rimmed rebecs of Ruby,
 Brought fresh from the hyaline streams,'

there comes to us '*A Paean of Glory for the Heroes of Freedom*,' by the Mr.

CHIVERS, M.D., who was amberized lately in these pages. The Doctor had been solicited by a committee to deliver a patriotic poem at Washington, Georgia, on 'Independence-Day' last past. He replied that he had been ill, and had not been able to cure himself, but that if he *could* write a poem under the circumstances, and on so short a notice, he *would*. He frankly adds, however: 'To compose a lyric, or heroic poem, suitable for the occasion, amenable to all the laws of Æsthetic culture, such as I would be willing to go forth into the world of Polite Letters, would require a much longer time than you have allowed me; even admitting that my brain was not already overjaded with too long laboring in the same enchanting HORTUS DELICIAŖUM.' The poem was written, but not delivered by the author, a more than common misfortune, we take it: for he tells his readers, in his sounding and sonorous preface, that 'much of the charm of the poem will be found to be lost for the want of the voice of the Nuncio.' Nevertheless, we are told, 'it is a faithful revelation of the life of freedom which lives immortal in the soul of the author:' for, 'As the Violastre, by feeding on the May-dew, becomes the image of Heaven, so does a man, at length, incarnate the thing which he contemplates; crystallizing himself into the song that he sings. As in the Eumenides of ÆSCHYLUS, the Furies which chase ORESTES into the Temple of APOLLO, fall asleep while he is kneeling down before the statue of the God, so do the triple-mouthed Ban-dogs of Hell sink down into slumberous silence before the face of that soul, who, in despite of Death or Hell, worships the Beautiful with the reverence of a God.' From the 'height of this great argument' fell the poem in question. As in a former instance, we respect the Doctor's copy-right too much to do him injustice by extended quotation: yet we cannot resist the inclination to present two thundering pæans from the neighborhood of the North Pole:

'Blow the Clarion of Victory, loud Hero-Horn-JALLAR,
Great HEIMDALL, the golden-lipped waker of Gods!
Gather all the great souls in the Halls of Valhalla,
BALDAR waits now to crown them in ODIN's Abodes!
Blow the Pæan of Glory for the Heroes of Freedom,
Till they rise, all redeemed, to their Halcyon abodes;
Wake the Nations from sleep — all the ransomed now lead home,
With thy thunder-trump blazon, great Waker of Gods!
Hark! the beautiful BALDAR God's Telyn is sounding,
Heaven's Apples now fall from Iduna's sweet Tree:
Th' eobroma, with life everlasting abounding,
For the souls of the Beautiful, the souls of the Free.
Strike — strike the bold harp! etc.

'Hark! the Asar-Cock crows, filling Gimlet with thunder,
Answering HEIMDALL's great Horn blowing loud for the brave;
While from Hela they march, singing, full of sweet wonder,
Up to Valhalla's Halls, shouting, *Wave, Banners! wave!*
Up to beautiful BALDAR from the infinite Nadir,
Chanting ODIN's sweet Runes, by three Nornir upborne,
Soar Eternity's Heroes where Almighty ALFADER
Sits crowned in Bethshimmin on the Mountains of Morn.
Now like clouds of sweet fragrance from Altars uprising,
Wreathing Nosegays of Eden's bliss wide as the sea,
Floats the incense of song, all their co-mates surprising
With the joys of the Beautiful, the joys of the Free.
Strike — strike the bold harp! etc.

There's 'stuff' in such poetry as this, and a good deal of it, you would find, on perusing the whole! - - - An Ohio correspondent, 'G. F. M.,' in a

'beautiful city by the sea,' the great green sea of ERIE, sends us the following warm-hearted gossip, conveying an early reminiscence of 'OLLAPOD,' whose lucubrations, he writes, seemed to pervade his soul with an almost holy unction: 'It is now some time since I held communion with you in an epistolary way: nevertheless, if there be that 'spiritual essence' of which some people talk so learnedly, then I *have* held monthly love-feasts with you for about a quarter of a century. Did I say monthly? Then I *mean* monthly: still, I have now to relate one unfortunate 'interregnum.' When 'Old KNICK' started out on his mission, (he could more properly be called 'Young KNICK,') I tabernacled in a pretty little village of Western New-York. It was then that the dull tedium of an entire cycle was only enlivened by the ever-faithful and reliable friend, whose ruddy-purple face was to us a certain indication of a glowing heart. I never saw the September number for Anno Domini one thousand eight hundred and thirty-six: that *hiatus*, I suppose, happened in this wise: September was the month in which I emigrated to the wild West; and so perhaps (I blame no one for the crime) the post-master or his clerk, finding that I had left the country of my childhood, appropriated that lost number to their own use. There was matter in my lost KNICKERBOCKER that I longed for years to see: and not until '*The Literary Remains of Willis Gaylord Clark*' were published, did I gain that advantage. And now I will tell you my story: In those days of 'long ago,' I had a quondam friend, who lived a few miles to the eastward: he too was passionately fond of 'KNICK' and of OLLAPOD: and we held frequent converse together, by epistolary means. We got word that 'OLLAPOD' was coming to 'the Falls' on his wedding-tour; we lay in wait for him: not a stage-coach passed, but we looked it through to find him. I thought I could have picked him out of ten thousand. One forenoon, I received a missile from my friend: it was handed me by a stage-driver, and ran thus: 'Dear GEORGE: 'OLLAPOD' and his charming wife will be along in the next coach: watch! Yours, etc.' In order to give them a bit of a surprise, I bethought me to enter his synonym upon the register of the hotel at which he would be sure to stop: so out of an old Latin Lexicon I made the following sentence, save and except the first written word: '*Ollapod est appropinquacio hoc vicinitas.*' Now that is the loosest bit of Latin I ever met any where: but it did my heart good to hear the remarks, after I had successfully indited it upon the hotel-register, in a plain and legible hand, unobserved by the landlord or other persons. The inscription was soon observed, and the inquiry went around: 'What scholar had done that thing?' I stood like the sheep that 'opened not its mouth.' Several learned men made violent attempts at a free translation. Here is one: '*Ollapod: 'Ollapod?' that's a kind of fish: 'hoc,' this; 'appropinquacio,' has arrived; 'vicinitas,' this neighborhood.*' 'Pretty good,' thought I. One sensible fellow looked at it, (and he knew as much of the defunct dialect as myself,) and remarked, that 'some fool had made an attempt at being smart, and had fizzled: it's wretched Latin, at best, and it won't translate *any* how.' So it went on: and the landlord feared that some one had been playing 'tricks upon travellers:' but at this moment, up came an 'exclusive extra,' and the learned dissertations were brought to a termination. Every body went out, at that era, to see every coach as it wound up to

the hotel. This one had but two wayfaring individuals, and I knew 'like a book' who they were: they called for rooms, and at once their names were registered. As the eyes of the man lit upon the page, they lit upon 'OLLAPOD' and the Latin lingo. He looked amazement, and turned around as if expecting some friend to come out and say, 'How are you, my old friend?'—but not a familiar face was there. The landlord was as much bewildered as was 'OLLAPOD.' The following was written on the register: 'WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK and LADY: New-York — Niagara.' I saw that 'OLLAPOD' was amazed; and I thought he would 'make a note of it' for his next number; and so he did: and here is what he said. If I had seen it ten years sooner, I should have felt that I had not lost that decade in unprofitable obliviousness:

'Who was that anonymous herald of mine, who recorded beneath my signature, as we proceeded toward the sunset, at every town where we paused to give breath to our cattle, the name of 'OLLAPOD,' with many compliments in the Latin tongue? Whoever he was, I stretch to him the hand of fancy. Thou *Grand Inconnu!*—touch thy dextral digits in thought: consider thine own vehemently squeezed: and remain, if thou wilt, the kind Unknown—at once corporeal and yet spiritual: a creation unsubstantial: an entity, yet intangible: *umbra, civis, nihil!*'—'LITERARY REMAINS:' p. 142.

Well can we conceive, that the writer of the foregoing is '*One who cherishes the name of Ollapod.*' He won from the first, and maintained to the last of those papers, the warm *affection* as well as fervent admiration of his readers. They 'loved him living, and lament him dead.' - - - A LONG slip comes to us from Columbia, (we infer South-Carolina,) bearing the caption, '*A Delusion Vanished.*:' which the writer describes as 'an impromptu, composed early this morning, while drawing on his boots, with the intention of breakfasting on a pint and a half of corrosive sublimate; which intention was frustrated solely by the high price of the article.' It is a love-tale—a story of

'A GIRL he'd loved for sixty days, or more,
As mortal never loved a girl before.'

He saw her last at Mrs. DOODLE's ball: he saw her waltz: and he was so forcibly impressed, that he was incontinently impelled to this apostrophe to, and apology for, THE WALTZ:

'O BYRON! how couldst thou condemn the waltz,
And with its beauties find so many faults?
How couldst thou at its blissful freedom scoff,
And warn mammas to choke their daughters off?
If in those spurred and noble heels of thine,
Lay half thy genius, as it is with mine,
Thou wouldst confess there is more fun than faults
In that 'fast' style of hugging called the waltz:
To you, ye Dutch, I fill this bumper here:
Thrice three-times-three to waltz and lager-bier!'

The time has come to make the proffer of his heart and hand. Under a draperied window, the moon pouring a mellow radiance over all, he

—'KNEELS beside her, but before
His trembling knees have fairly touched the floor,
A flash of dymity illumines the air,
And he is kneeling to an empty chair!'

This is provoking: it is worse—it is 'extremely disagreeable:' and hereupon and thereupon (he having been jilted by reason that he had been unsuccessful in speculative finance) he indulges in satire as touching woman's extravagance and woman's inconstancy:

'BEHOLD yon splendid and resplendent round
Of whale-bone, covering ten square feet of ground:
As down the street the dry-goods phantom swims,
(As some gay galleon o'er the billow skims,)
How grandly on her sweeping course she goes,
Turning aside for neither friends nor foes!
Who would not brave the deepest mud on earth,
To give those hoops the widest kind of berth!'

'O WOMAN! in our hours of moneyed ease,
Uncertain, coy, and deuced hard to please;
Prodigal as if each paving-stone within
The street, thy nod converted into 'tin,'
And every 'brick' thy husband's hat may hold,
Were worth at least ten times its weight in gold:
But when suspensions cloud his anxious brow,
And he has 'nary red'—oh! where art thou?'

Justice to 'the Sex' is hardly to be expected toward women in general by a sighing swain who sighs in vain. - - - It brought back to us the pleasant scenes of JOHN BROWN'S TRACT, the other day, when we went out with the 'P. C. C.'s, to the banks of the 'raging Hackensack,' and had a 'good time' among our friends, fish, clams, ('little-neck,' wry-neck, and Rockaway;) crabs, hard and soft; and CHOWDER—the '*chaudière*' so beautifully 'expounded' by our departed friend and correspondent, 'JOHN WATERS.' The '*Piermont Chowder-Club*' was initiated at a meeting in the 'long room' (handsomely decorated with evergreens and flags) of Mr. JAMES T. MASON'S 'Wawayandah House,' in the village. Our pleasant 'minstrel' and faithful 'reporter' appositely designated it, in his column in the *Rockland County Journal*, as a 'love-feast'—and so it was; for the attendance, though assiduous, was noiseless; there was no boisterousness, no excess, no contention: and all separated, after the moderate yet keen enjoyment of the good things of our host, to meet, by postponement, upon the rural banks of the 'raging' stream aforesaid. Assuming that the teams are safely bestowed in the adjoining woods, as you may see them arranged at camp-meetings, you will please to step into the charmed circle. The spot chosen for the encampment is a sequestered, sunny 'opening,' on the immediate bank of the river, surrounded by thick woods, and approached from the road by winding paths, through dense shrubbery. It is an animated scene, and a various: acting judges, district-attorneys, lawyers, legislators, physicians, merchants, rail-road commandants and employés, and editors—all are here represented; and each enjoys, and contributes to the general enjoyment of, the occasion. Speeches, grave, gay and humorous; songs, stories; instrumental music from 'the Minstrel,' joined in and 'intoned' by the entire company: when suddenly the covers are removed from the suspended pots: the delicious aroma fills all the air: the bugle sounds: the 'troop' advance: plates are filled, devoured, relished, praised; and the inner man cheered with moderate cups 'that not inebriate:' then the teams are brought up: and by roads leading through the many-

colored autumnal woods, flecked by the light of the westering sun, the members of the assembly depart for home, at which they shall arrive in season for tea and a muffin, if they happen to be in our case. Such was the *Last 'Meet' of the 'P. C. C.'s, upon the East Bank of the East Branch of the Raging Hackensack, State of New-York.* - - - 'THERE is a great deal of native wit and satirical badinage' (writes a friendly and flattering New-York correspondent, now journeying on a collecting tour in one of our far-western States) to be encountered in this back-woods region. With a cattle-buying acquaintance, whom I met with in this 'deestrick,' I stopped yesterday at a forlorn-looking road-side tavern, five or six miles from any other house, and the roads leading to it *terrible*, even in *this* quarter. 'Entertainment for Man and Beast,' the almost obsolete inn-formula, in rude, uneven characters, hung from a high two-poled sign, by the one corner-door of the house. As we were alighting, two young 'Suckers' came out of the inn, and jumped into a one-horse 'pung' wagon, thick with mud: one of them was swearing at the landlord, who in his dirty shirt-sleeves, and without any vest, stood in the door: 'Your sign says, 'Entertainment for Man and *Beast*:' if you can manage to entertain *yourself* in such a nasty hole—and you look as if you might—just *one-half* of your sign is true!'—and off they drove. I must say, that one meal in that 'tavern' (save the mark!) satisfied me that 'the jokers,' as the landlord called them, had told more truth than did his sign.' — 'ONE other thing let me mention. I should premise that hoop-skirts are just beginning to 'spread' in the isolated parts of this isolated region, greatly to the disgust of the 'men-folks.' Last week a-Sunday I heard, through! a board-partition, a coarse but very 'clever,' obliging fellow, say to his prettyish young wife: 'Now KEZIAH, you *an't* goin' to wear that tape checker-board, hoop-a-dooden thing to meetin', air ye?' 'I an't a-goin' to wear nothing else!' answered the buxom dame. 'You *an't*, eh? Wal, then you *will* be a pretty-lookin' sight, any how!' said her spouse, as he came out of the bed-room laughing at his own 'cute retort,' which was heartily echoed from the apartment. - - - SOME idea of what is being done the present autumn by some of our first publishing and book-selling houses, may be gathered from *Stanford and Delisser's new Literary Announcements*, which include the following important works: Rev. Dr. HAWKS's 'New Physical Geography of the United States,' accompanied with a series of portable models of each State; a mode of studying geography entirely new, and eminently attractive as well as likely to be no less useful: 'The Chronicles of the Bastile,' with numerous engravings; a work that has been pronounced by LOUIS BLANC to be superior to any other history of that memorable place, both as to historic accuracy and thrilling interest. We believe this work is now ready, or will be very soon. Also 'ERNESTINE, or the Heart's Longing:' by ALETH; said to be a work of unusual ability, comprising passages of great force and beauty: 'Lays from the Land of LUTHER,' illustrated with a series of beautiful original designs by SCHMOLZE, etched by HUBER. This is to be a splendid quarto volume, designed as a presentation book for the holidays: 'BLAIR'S Grave,' in quarto, accompanied with the masterly designs of BLAKE, which FUSELI regarded as among the most remarkable

creations of art in his day: 'The Parting Spirit's Address to its Mother,' by the Rev. Dr. WYATT, illustrated on every page, and printed in small quarto: 'Melodies for Childhood;' a new and much improved edition, with forty new engravings. In addition to the above illustrated works, the same firm have nearly ready the first volume of a series of sterling productions, to be called 'The Household Library,' being MICHELET's 'Life and Martyrdom of JOAN of Arc, Maid of Orleans'—a work of great dramatic interest: Rev. RALPH HOYT's Collected Poems, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the fund for the reërection of his Church, destroyed by the storm of last June: also 'Recollections of Bethlehem and its School:' 'Fairy Tales from the German;' and 'Little ELLEN, or the Farmer's Child.' They also have now ready the *fourth* edition of that excellent little volume, 'The Pearls of Thought, from Old Authors,' etc., etc. This list would be very incomplete, if we did not include in it a reference to a new and superb edition of the Book of Common Prayer, which we can assure our Church readers has not heretofore had its equal. - - - '*Specimens of Douglas Jerrold's Wit: together with Selections chiefly from his Contributions to Journals, intended to Illustrate his Opinions,*' is the not over-felicitous title of a very handsome volume, from the popular press of Messrs. TICKNOR AND FIELDS, Boston, which has been lying for some time upon our table. It was not a book to be taken up and read at a sitting: it ought rather to be devoured now and then, as you take a nice biscuit, and a bit of good sound English or Shaker cheese, by way of 'whet,' or lunch of a late morning. The volume is edited by BLANCHARD JERROLD, a son of the deceased, whose name became unpleasantly conspicuous, soon after his father's death, by reason of his repelling, in terms unkindly, efforts which were successfully made to place his father's family beyond the reach of pecuniary want. The tribute to the subject of the work is filial and affectionate: and the selections are well discriminated, and made with good taste. We take a few passages from the preface, because we desire to say a few words touching the positions which they assume, and the impressions, to some degree at least erroneous, which they are calculated to create. Mr. BLANCHARD JERROLD observes:

'A COMPLETE collection of DOUGLAS JERROLD's wit is now impossible. From far and near, however—from old friends long separated, from club-associates, and fire-side companions, I have gleaned the few ears of golden grain which time had left within the reach of their memory. Not one friend who has afforded me a single grain has failed to assure me of his sorrow over the treachery of his memory. The ghosts of a hundred good things appeared to him, but he could not reach them. Only the recollection of the time and circumstance, which had given birth to each, could bring them back to definite shape. The humble editor of the present volume can, for his own part, call to mind many evenings when his father kept the company about his table till a late hour, flashing upon them quaint turns of thought and bright shafts of wit; each of which was worth the trouble of a note-book. And the son has left, determined, henceforth, to bear in mind all his father's sayings, and to commit them from the dangerous keeping of the memory, to these safer media, ink and paper. But this determination was never acted upon; and the culprit who fell from it, and now presents this poor skeleton of a splendid presence, regrets his sin of omission keenly, and will regret it always. Still the present volume makes, in the humble opinion of its compiler, no ordinary list of wise things said by one man.

Let the reader be pleased to note also that if here and there, the arrow stings with a malignant poison upon its barb, the wound is for the strong that have oppressed the weak—the ignoble who have warred against the noble. There is consuming fire in many of the sayings; but the victim, in every case, deserves to die. On the other hand, there are touches of infinite tenderness in every page. The eye that flashed fire over a wrong done by the strong to the weak; the lip that curled with scorn at the meannesses of life, softened to sweet pity over a story of sorrow. It has been the persevering endeavor of many men who have smarted under the keen lash of DOUGLAS JERROLD's wit, to prove to the world that he was a savage misanthrope, who had small belief in the goodness, but infinite faith in the rottenness, of human nature.' . . . 'It is indisputable that DOUGLAS JERROLD did not write his best jokes. He cast them forth, in the course of conversation, and forgot them as soon as they were launched. Often when reminded, on the morrow of a party, of some good thing he had said, he would turn, in surprise, upon his informant, and ask: 'Did I really say that?' There are many sharp sayings in the present volume which were pointed at dear and old friends; but they were pointed in purest frolic. The best evidence of this is, that although JERROLD often said bitter things, even of his friends, this bitterness never lost him a friend; for to all men who knew him personally, he was valued as a kind and hearty man. He sprang ever eagerly to the side, even of a passing acquaintance, who needed a kindness. He might possibly speak something keenly barbed on a grave occasion; but his help would be substantial, and his sympathy not the less hearty: for with him, a witty view of men and things forced itself upon his mind so continually and irresistibly, and with a vividness and power so intense, that sarcasm flashed from his lips, even when he was deeply moved. He knew that this subjection to the dominant faculty of his mind had given him a reputation in the world for ill-nature: and he writhed under this imputation; for he felt how little he deserved it.'

We present the foregoing, as being honorable to the feelings of a surviving son: but, if we are to believe the verdict of persons in this country, who knew JERROLD well, he was, as a satirist, with all his love of right and scorn of wrong, a man rather feared than loved. Think of LAMB or HOOD, in this category, and the fact appears to be reached at once. These were kindly humorists and pleasing satirists: 'biting' was not in their line: and yet, who were ever more *effective* in the lessons which they conveyed, than they? Dr. R. SHELTON MACKENZIE, of Mr. FORNEY's Philadelphia '*Press*,' whose long and familiar acquaintance with artists and men of letters in England is so apparent to his readers, thus speaks of JERROLD:

'WITH all his fecundity of wit, JERROLD was bad company. He would not be *pleasant*. He seemed to be, like a tiger, ever ready for a spring, and, when the opportunity occurred, could not resist the temptation of saying the witty, bitter thing. Thus, when Mrs. GLOVER, the great *comédienne*, who had known him from childhood, uttered a regret over her beautiful hair becoming thin and gray, half-jestingly saying, 'I think it must be caused by my damping my head, when it aches, with the essence of lavender,' JERROLD instantly interjected the remark, 'Rather say, the essence of Time.' But those who play at bowls must expect rubbers, says the proverb, and JERROLD sometimes was paid back in kind, much to his annoyance. For example: there was a great laugh among all who knew him, when one of the London editors (the late Mr. MORAN of the *Globe*) announced the 'severe indisposition of Mr. DOUGLAS JERROLD,' and, contradicting it on the following day, stated that the report had arisen from the fact of his having been seen to put the quill, instead of the feather-end of his pen, into his mouth, and the lookers-on, knowing what venom he wrote with, naturally believed that it had poisoned him! Like all satirists, JERROLD was

himself very thin-skinned. Any thing like a hiss during the early performance of one of his new plays, would depress him into a fit of cold shivers, and any thing less than unqualified eulogy in the critical notice of any of his writings, would throw his mind off its balance for some days.'

Now '*De mortuis, nil nisi Bonum*' is a maxim too commonly acted upon, to permit us to doubt, that testimonies like the preceding, which have not been infrequent since JERROLD's death, are not without a basis of truth for their foundation. But we pass to a selection of desultory extracts from the work under consideration :

'BRED ON THE BOARDS. — When MORRIS had the Haymarket Theatre, JERROLD, on a certain occasion, had reason to find fault with the strength, or rather, the want of strength, of the company. MORRIS expostulated, and said : 'Why, there's V —, he was bred on these boards!'

'JERROLD — 'He looks as though he'd been cut out of them.'

'DAMPED ARDOR. — JERROLD and LAMAN BLANCHARD were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining BYRON in Greece. JERROLD, telling the story many years after, said : 'But a shower of rain came on and washed all the Greece out of us.'

'AN ACTOR'S WINE. — 'Do you know,' said a friend to JERROLD, 'that JONES has left the stage and turned wine-merchant?' 'Oh! yes,' JERROLD replied; 'and I'm told that his wine off the stage is better than his whine on it.'

'A PROFESSOR. — Indeed, there are few things, from Chinese to back-gammon, of which I am not professor. I dabble, too, a good deal in bar and pulpit eloquence. Ha! sir, the barristers I've fitted for the woolsack; the heads I've patted into shape for mitres! Even the stuttering parish clerk of Tithepig-cum-Tottlepot, he took only three lessons, and nobody knew his 'Amen' for the same thing. And then I've a great name for knife-and-fork eloquence. Yes, I teach people after-dinner thanks. I do n't brag; but show me the man who, like me, can bring in the happiest moment of a gentleman's life at only a crown a lesson.'

'WIT AND WAGGERY. — Wit, I have heard called a merchant prince, trading with the whole world; while waggyery is a green-grocer, making up small penn'orths for the local vulgar.'

'UGLY TRADES. — The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.'

'A TASTE OF MARRIAGE. — A gentleman described to JERROLD the bride of a mutual friend. 'Why, he is six foot high, and she is the shortest woman I ever saw. What taste, eh?'

'Ay,' JERROLD replied, 'and only a taste!'

'TRUE WORTH. — Do n't think that money can do any thing and every thing — it can't. There must be inward worth. The gold candle-stick — if I may be so bold as to use a figure — may be prized, I grant; but its magnificence is only subservient to its use; the gold is very well, but after all, it's the light we look to.'

'YOUNG LADIES' ACCOMPLISHMENTS. — Bless their little filagree hearts! before they marry they ought to perform quarantine in cotton, and serve seven years to pies and puddings.'

'SELF-RESPECT. — Self-respect! why it's the ballast of the ship. Without it, let the craft be what she will, she's but a fine sea-coffin at the best.'

'MARRIAGE. — The marriage of a loved child may seem to a parent a kind of death.

Yet therein a father pays but a just debt. Wedlock gave him the good gift; to wedlock, then, he owes it.'

'THE HEROINE OF A LOVE STORY. — A mere thing of goose-quill and foolscap; only born in a garret to be buried in a trunk.'

'PEWS. — What a sermon might we not preach upon these little boxes! small abiding-places of earthly satisfaction, sanctuaries for self-complacency — in God's own house, the chosen chambers for man's self-glorification! What an instructive colloquy might not the bare deal-bench of the poor church-goer hold with the soft-cushioned seat of the miserable sinners who chariot it to prayers, and with their souls arrayed in sackcloth and ashes, yet kneel in silk and miniver.'

'ONE LEG IN THE GRAVE. — People with one leg in the grave are so devilish long before they put in the other. They seem like birds, to repose better on one leg.'

'PICKING UP CHARACTER. — JERROLD met ALFRED BUNN one day in Jermyn-street. BUNN stopped JERROLD, and said: 'What! I suppose you're strolling about, picking up character.'

'JERROLD: 'Well, not exactly; but there's plenty lost hereabouts.''

'THE POSTMAN'S BUDGET. — A strange volume of real life is the daily packet of the postman! Eternal love, and instant payment! Dim visions of Hymen and the turn-key; the wedding-ring and the prison bolt! Next to come upon the sinful secrets of the quiet, respectable man — the worthy soul, ever virtuous because never found out — to unearth the hypocrite from folded paper, and see all his iniquity blackening in white sheet! And to fall upon a piece of simple goodness — a letter gushing from the heart; a beautiful unstudied vindication of the worth and untiring sweetness of human nature — a record of the invulnerability of man, armed with high purpose, sanctified by truth.'

'THE PENALTY OF THE DINER-OUT. — He must have a passionate love for children. He must so comport himself, that when his name shall be announced, every child in the mansion shall set up a yell — a scream of rapture — shall rush to him, pull his coat-tails, climb on his back, twist their fingers in his hair, snatch his watch from his pocket; and while they rend his super-Saxony, load his shoulders, uncurl his wig, and threaten instant destruction to the repeater, he must stifle the agony at his heart and his pocket, and to the feebly-expressed fears of the mamma that the children are troublesome, must call into every corner of his face a look of the most seraphic delight.'

'ENGLISH PRISONS DEFENDED. — An English prisoner in France *loquitur*: The prisoner here is tolerably strong, but not to be spoken of after Newgate. As for their locks, they have n't one fit for a tea-caddy. The rats at night come in regiments. We're allowed no candle; but we can feel as they run over our faces that they must be contemptible in the eyes of Englishmen.'

'THE REASON WHY. — One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said, in a loud voice: 'Is n't it strange, we had no fish at the Marquis' last night? That has happened twice lately. I can't account for it.'

'Nor I,' replied JERROLD, 'unless they ate it all up stairs.'

'PAYING BY THE CLOCK. — 'You have charged me for a full-priced breakfast,' said a complaining guest, looking at his bill; 'and all I had was a cup of milk and a chip of toast!'

'You might have had coffee and eggs for the same money,' replied the waiter.

'Ah! cried the guest, 'then it seems you charge according to the clock; and if a man was to have only eggs at dinner-time, I suppose he'd have to pay for full-grown turkeys.''

'ITALIAN BOYS. — I never see an Italian image-merchant with his Graces and

Venuses and Apollos at six-pence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he who has accustomed the eyes of the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty.'

'THE COMFORT OF UGLINESS. — We cannot say — and in truth it is a ticklish question to ask of those who are best qualified to give an answer — if there really be not a comfort in substantial ugliness; in ugliness that, unchanged, will last a man his life; a good granite face in which there shall be no wear and tear. A man so appointed is saved many alarms, many spasms of pride. Time cannot wound his vanity through his features; he eats, drinks, and is merry, in despite of mirrors. No acquaintance starts at sudden alteration — hinting, in such surprise, decay, and the final tomb. He grows older with no former intimates — church-yard voices — crying, 'How you're altered!' How many a man might have been a truer husband, a better father, firmer friend, more valuable citizen, had he, when arrived at legal maturity, cut off — say, an inch of his nose!'

'A WIFE AT FORTY. — 'My notion of a wife at forty,' said JERROLD, 'is, that a man should be able to change her, like a bank-note, for two twenties.'

'AN ERROR CORRECTED. — JERROLD was seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that JERROLD had expressed his disappointment.

'FRIEND (to JERROLD): 'I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote.'

'JERROLD: 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book any body ever wrote.'

'THE OSTRICH NO GLUTTON. — The ostrich ought to be taken as the one emblem of temperance. He lives and flourishes in the desert; his choicest food a bitter spiky shrub, with a few stones — for how rarely can he find iron — how few the white days in which the poor ostrich can, in Arabia Petræa, have the luxury of a ten-penny nail, to season, as with salt, his vegetable diet. And yet a common-councilman, with face purple as the purple grape, will call the ostrich — glutton.'

'A ROYAL PRINCE IN THE CRADLE. — He sleeps, and ceremony, with stinted breath, waits at the cradle. How glorious that young one's destinies! How moulded and marked — expressly fashioned for the high delights of earth — the chosen one of millions for millions' homage! The terrible beauty of a crown shall clasp those baby temples; that rose-bud mouth shall speak the iron law; that little, pulpy hand shall hold the sceptre and the ball. But now, asleep in the sweet mystery of babyhood, the little brain already busy with the things that meet us at the vestibule of life; for even then we are not alone, but surely have about us the hum and echo of the coming world — but now thus, and now upon a giddy throne! What grandeur, what intensity of bliss, what an almighty heritage to be born to — to be sent upon the earth, accompanied by invisible angels, to take possession of!'

'THE BATTLE OF POVERTY. — Great are the odds against poverty in the strife. How often is the poor man, the compelled QUIXOTE, made to attack a wind-mill in the hope that he may get a handful of the corn that it grinds? and many and grievous are his buffets ere the miller — the prosperous fellow with the golden thumb — rewards poor poverty for the unequal battle.'

'THE RELIGION OF SHOW. — There are a good many pious people who are as careful of their religion as of their best service of china, only using it on holiday occasions, for fear it should get chipped or flawed in working-day wear.'

'THEATRICAL 'STARS.' — I knew a pork-butcher who gave it out that he fattened all his pigs upon pine-apples; he sold them for what price he liked; and people having bought the pigs, swore they could taste the pine-apple flavor. It's much the same with many of the 'stars:' managers have only to declare that they give 'em ten, twenty, or fifty pounds a night, and the sagacious public proportion their admiration to the salary received.'

'SOMETHING TO LOVE. — The human heart has of course its pouting fits; it determines to live alone; to flee into desert places; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone, yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.'

JERROLD certainly 'well bespeaks his own praise' in several of these brief but pregnant passages. - - - '*The Mother's Night-Watch*' begins simply and well: why could n't the writer 'keep on so?' We quote the two opening verses:

'The white stars rest — the pale-faced moon is sleeping:
A wintry wind uplifts the cold year's shroud:
Blast howls to blast: moan answers moan, past sweeping,
And snows a-drift haste in a night-long cloud.

'Cold, cold it is! — oh! bitter cold, and dreary!
A mother watches as the darkness wears;
Her children dream, twined in red arms and cheery;
Her partner sleeps, a man of household cares.

There is nature and there is force in this limning: but as the writer goes on, he 'kind o' gin's cōut.' - - - A LATE English journal, the '*Inquirer*,' informs us that it is the ultimate object of Queen VICTORIA's government to have telegraphic communications scattered all over the 'face of the globéd arth.' This is the calculation:

'THE estimate of distance runs to this effect: from Falmouth (in the south of England) to Gibraltar, the distance is less than 1000 miles; from Gibraltar to Malta the distance is 988 miles; from Malta to Alexandria it is 815 miles; from Suez to Aden, 1310 miles; from Aden to Bombay, 1664 miles; from Bombay to Point de Galle, 960 miles; from Point de Galle to Madras, 540 miles; from Madras to Calcutta, 780 miles; from Calcutta to Penang, 1213 miles; from Penang to Singapore, 381 miles; from Singapore to Hong Kong, 1437 miles; from Singapore to Batavia, 520 miles; from Batavia to Swan River, 1500 miles; from Swan River to King George's Sound, 500 miles; and from King George's Sound to Adelaide, 998 miles. From Adelaide to Melbourne and Sydney there will shortly be a telegraphic communication over-land. From Trinity Bay, in Newfoundland, to Bermuda, the distance is about 1500 miles; from Bermuda to Inagua, the distance is about 1000 miles; from Inagua to Jamaica it is 300 miles; from Jamaica to Antigua, 800 miles; from Antigua to Demerara, *via* Trinidad, 800 miles; from Antigua to St. Thomas's, 227 miles; from Jamaica to Greytown, *via* Navy Bay, 1000 miles; and from Jamaica to Belize, 700 miles.

'Thus, then, all the British settlements, dependencies, and colonies in the Peninsula, Mediterranean, Arabia, India, China, Australia, the West-Indies, and Central America could be joined to England by shorter sub-marine cables than that which at present connects Ireland with Newfoundland, and without their touching any powerful foreign State. The aggregate length of these cables would be about 21,000 miles, and, reckoning twenty per cent for slack, the whole length would not measure more than 24,000 miles. These cables would place England in almost instantaneous communication with upwards of forty colonies, settlements, and dependencies, situated 20,000 miles apart, in the eastern and western hemispheres. The mere shipping telegrams to and from all these places and England would be of incalculable importance to merchants, ship-owners, and sea-faring people; and the political telegrams would be of infinite value to the Imperial and Colonial Governments.'

The cost of this will be a mere trifle — twenty-five millions of pounds sterling, or so: and when they get it all done, we won't rejoice with them one particle on this side: they would n't rejoice with *us* over the laying of the Atlantic cable, and now they can stretch their wires to the crack of doom, without exciting the slightest *commiseration* on this side of the great herring-pond! - - - 'MR. ARTEMAS WARD, Esq.,' the great showman,

as we gather from a Cleveland (Ohio) correspondent, has turned his attention to letter-writing for the public press: and his latest effort in this kind is a description of a *Cable Celebration in Little Peddlington*, or a place which will exactly answer its description, we dare say, in Indiana, hight 'Baldinsville.' We correct Mr. WARD's orthography somewhat in the extract which we make from his epistle; but even as it is, it is remarkable enough, in all conscience. The broad burlesque upon small public celebrations of great events and of patriotic public advertising, is very rich. Locking up his kangaroo and his wax-works, he repairs to the scene of the celebration:

'BALDINSVILLE was trooly in a blaze of glory. Near can i forgit the sublime speckticul which met my gase as i alited from the Staige with my umbreller and verlise. The Tarvern was lit up with taller kandles all over, & a grate bong-fire was burnin in frunt thareof. A Transparancy was tied onto the sine-post with the follerin wurdz: 'Giv us Liberty or Deth. Old TOMKINSIS grosery was illumernated with 5 tin lanturns and the follerin Transparancy was in the winder: 'The Sub-Mershine Tellergraph & the Baldinsville and Stonefield Plank-road—the 2 grate eventz of the 19th century: may intestines strife never mar their grandjure.' SIMPKINSIS shoe shop was all ablas with kandles and lanturns. A Americun Eagle was painted onto a flag in a winder, also these wurdz, viz: 'The Constitooshun must be Preserved.' The Skool-house was lited up in grate stile, and the winders was filled with mottoes, amung which i notised the follerin: 'Trooth smashed to erth shall rize agin: YOU CAN'T STOP HER.' 'The Boy stood on the Burnin Deck whense awl but him had Fled.' 'Prokrastinashun is the theaf of Time.' 'Be virtuous & you will be Happy.' 'Intemperunse has cawsed a heap of trubble: shun the Bole:' and the follerin sentiment written by the skool-master, who graduated at Hudson Kollige: 'Baldinsville sends greetin to Her Magisty the Queen, & hopes all hard feelins which has heretofore previous bin felt between the Supervizers of Baldinsville and the British Parlimunt, if such there has been, may now be forever wiped frum our Escutchuns. Baldinsville this night rejoises over the gellorious event which sementz 2 grate nashuns onto one anuther by means of a cleektric wire under the roarin billers of the Nasty Deep. QUOSQUE TANTRUM, A BUTTER, CATER-LINY, PATIENT NOSTRUM!' 'Squire SMITH's house was lited up regardlis of expence. His little sun WILLIAM HENRY stood upon the roof firin of crackers. The old 'Squire hisself was dressed up in soljer-clothes and stood on his door-step wigglin' his sward, and p'intin' it sollumly to a American flag which was suspendid on top of a pole in frunt of his house. Frequently he wood take off his cocked hat & wave it round in a impressive stile. His oldest darter Mis ISABELLER SMITH, who has jest cum home frum the Perkinsville Female Institoot, appeared at the frunt winder in the West room as the goddess of Liberty, & sung 'I see them on their windin' way.' 'Booteus 1!' sed I to myself, 'you air a angl & nothin shorter!' N. BONAPARTE SMITH, the 'Squire's oldest son, drest hisself up as VENUS the God of Wars, and red the Decleration of Independense frum the left chamber winder. The 'Squire's wife didn't jine in the festivities. She sed it was the tarnalest nonsense she ever see. Sez she to the 'Squire, 'Cum into the house and go to bed, you old fool you. Tomorrer you 'll be goin' round half-ded with the rumatism & won't gin us a minit's peace till you git well.' Sez the 'Squire, 'Betsy, you little appresiate the importance of the event which

I this night commemorate.' Sez she, 'Commemerate' a cat's tail!' — cum into the house this instant, you old dolt, yew!' 'Betsy,' sez the 'Squire, wavin' his sword, 'retire!' Doctor HUTCHINSIS offis was likewise lited up and a Trans-parancy, on which was painted the Queen in the act of drinkin sum of 'HUTCHINSIS Invigorator,' was stuck into one of the winders. The Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* newspaper offis was also illumenated, & the follerin mottoes stuck out: 'The Press is the Arkermejian lever which moves the world.' 'Vote Early.' 'Buckle on your Armer.' 'Now is the time to Subscribe.' 'FRANKLIN, MORSE & FIELD.' 'Terms \$1.50 a year: liberal redueshuns to clubs.' In short, the villige of Baldinsville was in a perfeck fewroar.'

Perhaps *some* among the several hundreds of thousands who witnessed our metropolitan 'Cable Celebration' may have remarked the great exemplars of 'Dr. HUTCHINGS' in advertising. - - - Our friend, the writer of '*Weenonah, ye Exceedynglie Sorrowfull Legende of ye Lake Pepin,*' has been reading the wonderful exploits of 'Captain DAVIS, JONATHAN R.,' of Rocky Cañon, California, communicated by Mr. SPARROWGRASS some time since to these pages. His 'suffusion' begins very characteristically of that artistic production. We can only spare room for a 'specimen-brick:'

'Know ye the land of crystal streams,
Of giggling brooks and laughing water,
Where every sparkling rivulet teems
With trout a foot long, and nothing shorter,
(Except an indifferent species of eels;)
Where Nature her loveliness reveals
In all that eye or heart can prize,
In blooming earth and gorgeous skies
That PROEUS paints when the day-light dies?

'Know ye the land where the Red Man's song,
(I mean the Song of HIAWATHA,)
Still echoes the hills and groves among,
In accents as guttural and strong
As ever were heard in Saxé-Gotha?
Where MANITO sits on his rock-raised throne,
And MONDAMIN, robed in green and yellow,
Smoking dhudeens of the red pipe-stone,
Whose praises were sung by Mr. LONGFELLOW:
Where an Indian maiden, hand in hand
With her dusky 'lovyer' was plighted, and
To keep another from 'cutting him out,'
Jumped from the top of a rock, about
Four hundred feet high, (I'm not particular,
Except that the rock is perpendicular,
Or out of plumb may be slightly *tippy*,)
Right plumb into the Mississippi!

This shows a 'cunning hand' at verbal freedom, and adroit imitation: but the 'Legend' which ensues is not remarkable either in incident or execution. Our friend must 'try again.' - - - THE able and entertaining Paris correspondent of the New-York '*Times*' daily journal, in a recent letter to that print, says: 'All your readers who have ever visited Paris, will recollect the two magnificent buildings which close in the Place de la Concorde, on the side next the Madeleine. They were built by LOUIS PHILIPPE, one for the Ministry of Marine, and the other for the safe-keeping of the furniture of the State, and called the *Garde Meubles*. The first is still occupied by the Ministry of Marine, but the other is divided into four residences,

that on the left being occupied by the Duchess of CRILLON, the next by M. PEAN DE SAINT GILLES, a rich notary, the next by the Marchioness DU PLESSIS BELLIERES, and the last one, that on the corner of the Rue Royale, by a millionaire, M. ARDOIN. Here you see the equality of the French noblesse, finance, and the notariat on the same line! The house belongs to these individuals, but the State sold to them only on condition that the exterior should never be changed, and that it shall always be occupied only as residences.' We cite this, to add, that *we* are among the readers of the *Times* who have 'never been in Paris:' yet can we open a drawer of our oaken table, and take out a diaphanous stereoscopic plate, and see the whole scene, unaltered from life, as it stands at this moment: with the square, the fountains playing, the monumental obelisk of Luxor, the exquisite sculptures of the Madelaine, and all. Street-views, edifices, in the Bois de Bologne, the Arches, etc., make us familiar with the gay capital and its environs. We can stand under the great dome of St. PETER's in Rome; survey the 'Vacuum, where the Pope keeps his bulls,' according to Mrs. RAMSBOTTOM; and repose within the Coliseum's walls, 'mid the chief relics of almighty Rome: and this, Sir 'Correspondent,' we can do, without expense, without the awful *nausea-marina*, without passports, and without 'tricks upon travellers.' - - - HERE is a pretty fellow, who would 'lay violent hands upon a woman,' and she a MUSE! But we can prove by more than a thousand 'pieces o' po'try' from our 'Balaam'-basket, that after all, he is more than half right. He says:

'How very absurd is half the stuff
Called 'POETRY' now-a-days!
The 'stanzas,' and 'epics,' and 'odes,' are enough
To put every lover of rhyme in a huff,
And disgust e'en old hens with their 'lays.'

'One asks but a 'cave' in some 'forest dell,'
'Away from the cold world's strife:'
Now the woods, in fine weather, are all very well,
But give him a six weeks 'rainy spell,'
And he'd soon 'cave in,' in his 'forest cell,'
And be sick enough of the life.

'One loves, (*how he loves!*) the glittering foam
'And the mad waves' angry strife:'
But take the young genius who wrote that 'pome,'
'Where the billows dash and the sea-birds roam,'
And he'd give all he had to be safe at home,
And *stay* there the rest of his life!'

There are other bards and their 'cravings' noted, but these must suffice, at least for the present - - - FROM whose heart do you suppose these touching thoughts proceed? You would not guess, out of the first hundred attempts. Read them, and then perhaps we may satisfy your curiosity:

'THE sun is rolling down behind the mountains in the distance, and I can peer over the roofs of the city, beyond the river, and see his radiant smile quivering above a long sweep of waving foliage, over which, against an amber sky, there are long bars of beautiful clouds floating along, turning their gay borders to the breeze, and apparently rejoicing in the proud thought that there

is nothing so brilliant as they. Never do I look upon such a scene, but I think of the days beyond the flood of TIME; of the vernal shores of boyhood and youth, that I have left forever; and from which even MEMORY herself, that solemn and sad antiquarian, hath scarcely a flower left in her hand. Many and sober are the reflections which a glance at the evening west can awaken in my mind. Friends that are distant and hopes that are dead, never more to be revived with the freshness wherewith they shone of yore; ambition that was thwarted, confidence betrayed, impressions changed, fantasies dissolved — these are a few of the associations with which I gaze upon the regions of the setting sun. I think how many visions that were as radiant as that fiery sphere, have wrapped themselves in darkness and made the clouds their pavilion; how the gorgeous creations have disappeared like that golden exhalation of the dawn or the dews of the evening, leaving the thoroughfare over which I was passing more arid and dreary.'

This is from one of 'Dow, Jr.'s late California 'Sermons:' yet to us it sounds strangely familiar. - - - LOOKING over an old volume of the '*China Mail*,' printed some fifteen years ago, (a present from an esteemed friend, an officer in the United States Navy,) we came across the following, which we fancy will be as new and acceptable to our readers as it was to ourselves: 'At the Hartford (Conn.) Retreat for the Insane, a party is occasionally given, to which those called *sane* are invited: and as they mingle together in conversation, promenading, dancing, etc., it is impossible for a stranger to tell which are which. On one of these pleasant occasions, a gentleman visitor was 'doing the agreeable' to one of the ladies, and inquired of her how long she had been in the Retreat. She told him, and he went on to make inquiries about the institution, to which she rendered very intelligent answers; and when he asked her, '*How she liked the doctor?*' she gave him such assurances of her regard for the excellent physician, that the stranger was satisfied of the doctor's popularity among the patients, and he went away without finding out that his partner in the conversation was no other than the accomplished lady of the physician, who tells the story herself with great zest, and is frequently asked, 'How she likes the doctor?' She has but one answer! - - - BEAR in mind, if you please, that the following (according to 'R. H.,' of Sheboygan Falls) is entirely authentic. It is a *verbatim* extract, 'taken down on the spot,' from a lecture on '*The Rights of Woman*,' delivered by one G. W. S —, at the capital of Wisconsin, less than 'sixty years since.' It may be well to mention, that the speaker was opposed to extending the right of suffrage to females: 'Let MAN plough the heaving bosom of the briny deep; let man drag down from the booming thunder-cloud the clanking lightnings of heaven: but let WOMAN maintain her pure and intangible position in our bosom of bosoms — in the innermost interstices of society! There she sits enthroned high above all! Nation may swallow up nation, and, like CORNUCOPIA of old, stand on the banks of the mad-raging Burnampooter, and lick their chops for more: and the ashes of pulverized humanity may be blown to the four corners of heaven: yet there she sits; and he who would reach up a sacrilegious hand to drag her down from her zenith of glory, would

ascend on JACOB'S ladder to the farthest confines of infinitesimal space, and steal the blessed lamps of Night for buttons!' This was not intended for a burlesque; but was delivered in all earnestness by the orator, and with gesticulations as fervent as they were original and '*striking*:' so at least affirms our correspondent. - - - OUR associate, Dr. J. O. NOYES, author of '*Roumania*,' etc., has prepared a *Lecture on Nomadic Life, as Illustrated by the Gipsies*' which he is prepared to deliver, the coming winter, before lyceums or other public literary institutions. Travel, and personal observation, have enabled him to embrace all the aspects and bearings of his theme: and we can guarantee a treat to his audiences of no ordinary kind. His subject is not hackneyed, and will be originally treated. - - - WE must say to our correspondent 'A. J. C.,' of New-Jersey, that the little volume which he has taken the trouble to send us, and which, in his opinion, 'contains an almost inexhaustible fund of humor,' appears to *us* to contain nothing whatever of the sort. His 'marked passages' sufficiently evince *his* perception and judgment in this kind. How any one could find 'humor' in the simple record, by a son, of the unambitious and useful life of a mother, remarkable for Christian faith and self-denial, passes our comprehension. The calm, self-possessed, quiet face, beneath the plain Quaker cap, which beams upon us from the frontispiece to the unpretending little book before us, would of itself counteract such criticism as our correspondent would seem desirous to secure. Somewhat doubting whether a notice of the work was not intended to be elicited for some other than a merely critical object, we pass it without naming it, and without farther comment. There have been such attempts, which have been frustrated. - - - UNABLE ourselves to attend *Mr. Stephen Massett's Entertainment at Niblo's Saloon*, by reason of certain presidential duties devolving upon us on the same occasion, we sent a family deputation, whose report confirms our previous augury of Mr. MASSETT'S triumph. We knew, when we heard TENNYSON'S 'Charge of the Light Brigade' read in the sanctum, and the description of the terrible execution-scene in India, that these parts of the performance would excite marked enthusiasm and deep interest. The saloon was crowded, and the applause general and fervent. With neither time nor space to particularize, we may say, in general terms, that the 'Entertainment,' as a whole, was a complete success; was repeated in the metropolis, and delivered in such suburban quarters as Brooklyn, Hoboken, etc. We would suggest the pretermission, hereafter, of the broad burlesque of Mr. DEMPSTER, in the 'Song' department, erroneously styled an 'imitation' of that most feeling and effective vocalist and composer. By-the-by, where *is* Mr. DEMPSTER? He would be welcomed by many cordial admirers hereaway, 'about this time.' - - - WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to the announcement, in our advertising pages, of Mr. UNION ADAMS, one of the most enterprising of an enterprising class, our young New-York merchants.



Washington Irving